

THE LIGUORIAN

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

October

1942

What's Wrong With Birth-Control?

R. J. MILLER

Motherhood Without Fear

R. A. GAYDOS

Beverage From Barley

G. CORBETT



On Priests

E. F. MILLER

WAR AIMS:

PORTRAIT OF AN UNPLEASANT WOMAN . . . L. G. Miller

WAR-MADE TYPES OF CITIZENS . . . The Bystander

MEDITATIONS ON WAR . . . D. F. Miller

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Per Year \$1.00

Canada and Foreign \$1.25

Single Copies 10c

AMONGST OURSELVES

Considerable material in this month's issue of *THE LIGURIAN* deals with that old bug-bear of a subject (for many people) called unrealistically "birth-control." There is an analysis of the immorality of the practice; an article on "Maternity Guilds" which offers a practical solution to many of the problems that confront married people; and the announcement on the inside rear cover concerning the League of St. Gerard and its purpose. The last time we published an article on birth-control we received some sizzling rebukes through the mail, from so-called Catholics who no doubt would have us side-step this basic issue of modern life. This time we ask St. Gerard, the patron of mothers, to use his miraculous intercession to help all our readers understand that the Catholic doctrine on birth-prevention is mirrored in their own nature and echoed in their own conscience.

* *

We remind our readers again that

THE LIGURIAN conducts a book service for their benefit. This means that they may order from us not only books that are reviewed in *THE LIGURIAN*, but any other book, whether they know the publisher, price or not. We have facilities for tracing books, sometimes even when they are out of print. *THE LIGURIAN* Pamphlet Office also has a wide variety of five- and ten-cent pamphlets for sale. Write for the list and you may find a title that you need.

CATHOLIC ART CALENDARS FOR 1943 ARE NOW READY!

This is the calendar needed in every Catholic home.

It provides: 1) All necessary Catholic information on holy days, feast days, fast and abstinence days, etc.

2) Daily inspiration in the form of famous paintings reproduced in full color, and in smaller pictures and appropriate texts for days of special devotion.

The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

A. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

L. G. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: J. BRUNNER, C.Ss.R.

One Dollar per Year

(Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

Published with ecclesiastical approval.

THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXX

OCTOBER, 1942

No. 10

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

"The Roaring Lion" - - - - -	579
C. D. McENNIRY	
Meditations on War - - - - -	585
D. F. MILLER	
On Priests - - - - -	591
E. F. MILLER	
What's Wrong with Birth-Control? - - - - -	605
R. J. MILLER	
Beverage From Barley - - - - -	609
G. CORBETT	
Well Known But Forbidden - - - - -	615
F. A. BRUNNER	
Motherhood Without Fear - - - - -	619
R. A. GAYDOS	

STORIES AND BIOGRAPHY

Unfortunate Precedent - - - - -	584
L. G. MILLER	
Patrons for October - - - - -	596
Portrait of an Unpleasant Woman - - - - -	599
L. G. MILLER	
Brother Robert - - - - -	618
E. F. MILLER	

SHORT FEATURES

Prayer for Freedom (Verse) - - - - -	578
D. F. MILLER	
For Wives and Husbands Only - - - - -	590
Three Minute Instruction - - - - -	604
Thought for the Shut-In - - - - -	614
Moments at Mass - - - - -	626

DEPARTMENTS

Sideglances - - - - -	627
Catholic Anecdotes - - - - -	629
Pointed Paragraphs - - - - -	632
Liguoriana - - - - -	636
New Books and Old - - - - -	638
Lucid Intervals - - - - -	640

PRAYER FOR FREEDOM

Lord, let no earthly power take
This, of all that Thou didst make,
Most solemnly reserved to Thee —
The consciences that make men free.

Lord, let no tyrant's heel be pressed
Upon the soul with reason blessed,
Endowed with likeness apt of Thee
And bound by naught save verity.

Lord, let no monster's threats assume
The right to plunge in deathlike gloom
The men who Thine dominion own
And worship at Thy mighty throne.

Lord, let no man *his* freedom use
Another's pain and want to choose
As price of his unjust increase —
In time of war or time of peace!

— D. F. Miller

FATHER TIM CASEY

"THE ROARING LION"

C. D. McENNERY

"**W**HAT the devil!!!"

Elmer Hookway had some excuse for bursting out with this violent exclamation. He had thrust his hand nonchalantly into his coat pocket with just a hint of a swagger. He had promptly jerked it out again with undignified haste, due to slimy contact with a live toad — somebody's idea of a practical joke.

"You must be collaborating with that gentleman, Hookway, you mention him so often," Richard Ranaghan suggested.

"What gentleman?"

"The devil."

"Do I? Just a habit I've got. A throwback probably to the time when my forbears expected to meet him — horns, tail, and all — every time they turned up a dark alley."

"What, Elmer, your forbears? Don't you believe in the devil yourself?" inquired Bernard Raab.

"Huh, do you?"

This abrupt question caught Raab off his guard. He fumbled with it a moment and then tried to dodge the issue. "I guess," he hedged, "I am something like the kiddie who retorted, when his companion threatened him with the devil: 'Aw, there ain't no devil, no real devil. Just like Santa Claus, it's your father.'"

"Listen," said Delizia Hogan, "my opinion is that —"

"Go easy there, my children, go easy," Father Casey warned. "Holding false doctrines or stating them is the sin of heresy. Once God Almighty has revealed the truth about a matter, there is no longer place for my opinion or your opinion."

"Has God revealed that there is a devil?"

"Such a question! And from a baptized Christian who has publicly renounced the devil! Isn't the Gospel, that you have been listening to every Sunday of your life, the revealed word of God? Didn't you ever hear it mention the devil? Come, who remembers?"

"I do. I do," urged Gaby Flanders. "You read yesterday in St. Mark, 'When it was evening and the sun had set, they brought to Him

THE LIGUORIAN

all who were ill and who were possessed by devils, and He drove out the devils, but He did not let them speak because they knew Him and would tell who He was before He wanted it published.' "

"Yes, and in another Gospel," Richard Ranaghan added, "Jesus tells how a devil, after he had been chased out of a soul, came back with seven other devils worse than himself and got back in, and the second state of that man was worse than the first."

"And, Father, Father, it tells also how, when the devils were chased by Jesus out of a man, they entered into a herd of swine, and the pigs went mad and jumped off a cliff into the sea."

"You see. You all remember many cases," Father Casey exclaimed. "And if you were to examine the whole Bible, you would find mention of the devil, the demon, Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, the evil spirit, the prince of this world, well-nigh a hundred times."

"But after bible times," Hookway objected, "the old boy does not appear on the scene any more."

"Our question, Elmer, was whether the devil existed. We looked at the Scriptures and found that his existence was revealed by God. With that problem settled, we may now turn and inquire into his activity."

"**F**ATHER, Elmer says since the time of Christ the devil is inactive."

"Elmer was not allowed to be baptized until he had renounced, not only the devil, but all his works and all his pomps. The Catholic Church is not so stupid as to make us renounce works and pomps where there aren't any."

"Does not the Bible say that Christ destroyed Satan's kingdom?"

"He destroyed Satan's dominion over the just, but He did not destroy Satan. He chained up the demon, but did not extract his teeth. He gave us arms wherewith to defend ourselves against the devil, but did not make us impervious to his attacks. If you throw away these arms and foolishly put yourself within his reach, you will quickly have proof of his activity. Nobody but an ass will allow himself to be bitten by a chained dog, but the number of asses who, to their own destruction, approach too near to the devil, is countless."

"You know, Father, nowadays people laugh at you if you say you believe in the devil."

"And the devil," Father Casey replied, "laughs at them. Nothing pleases him better than to have people deny his existence. For then they take no precautions to avoid him, and he needs but wait until they stupidly stumble within the length of his chain."

"You mean, Father, that he takes possession of them?"

"Cases of persons possessed by the devil are not so common since the time of Christ as before, neither are they so numerous in Christian as in pagan countries. But they do occur. They are proved by evidence as strong as that adduced for any other fact of history."

"Is possession a sign that the person has sold himself to the devil?"

"Not necessarily. Sometimes God permits the devil to take possession of innocent persons. However, in that case, he merely takes possession of the body. So long as the person is in the state of grace he dare not touch the soul. Outright possession is rare. Much more common is a certain diabolical influence over soul and body, less spectacular indeed but equally harmful as possession."

"How does that happen, Father?"

"By getting within the length of his chain."

"For example?"

"Dabbling with spiritism, planchettes, ouija boards, dream books, superstitious signs and practices. Every experienced priest has come upon numerous cases of unbalanced minds, nerve-wrecked bodies, ruined souls, caused by this criminal pandering. More bodily maladies, insanity, accidents, sudden deaths, suicides may be ascribed to diabolical influence than we ever dream of. Remember this malignant enemy hates us with a deadly hatred; he retains even now the stupendous power he possessed while he was one of the highest angels in the heavenly court; he is still a prince, though a reprobate prince, a prince of darkness, of deceit, of evil. Nothing but God's restraining hand prevents him from using the full weight of his power and intelligence for our destruction."

"But surely God will restrain him, will He not, Father?"

"Undoubtedly — if you run to God for protection, hold fast to God, remain true to God. But we cannot say the same if you deliberately turn your back on God and make yourself a slave of the devil by mortal sin. Think of that. It is more serious than you imagine."

"Does mortal sin really make one a slave of the devil?"

"Unquestionably. That is why he tempts you. He is a proud spirit. His damnable pride drove him out of heaven. His pride makes him

hanker after more and more slaves. Hence he is tireless in tempting you to sin. 'Tis for that reason he is the greatest menace, because he tempts to sin, leads into sin."

"**L**ISTEN, Father. Isn't that passing the buck, dodging the responsibility for our own cussedness? I coolly decide to go out and get drunk. That is my work, not his. Why try to shoulder all the blame on the devil?"

"We do not shoulder *all* the blame on the devil, only his guilty share. Not one, but three, solicit you to sin: the world, the flesh, and the devil. By the world, we mean the false maxims, the deceitful glitter, the insidious suggestions, the evil companionship, the bad example, the dangerous occasions — dances, theatres, motion pictures, motor drives, amusements — that lead to sin. By the flesh, we mean that inborn inclination arising from original sin . . . inclination, not only to lust, but to gluttony, to covetousness, to envy, to sloth, and to all deadly sin. Hence you see the world and the flesh could get you into scrapes enough even if there were no devil. But there is a devil. And he not only tempts you himself, but he organizes the world and the flesh and gives them intelligent direction so that their temptations may be more efficacious. Often what seems exclusively a temptation of the world or of the flesh, is excited and directed by the devil in the precise manner, time and place best calculated to lead you into sin. A good general does not underestimate his adversary. Remember this is a fight to the death against a bitter and merciless foe. When you belittle the danger you make a fatal mistake. St. Paul was no such fool. 'For the rest, brethren,' he says, 'be strengthened in the Lord and in the might of His power. Put on the armor of God that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the Principalities and the Powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual forces of wickedness on high . . . in all things taking up the shield of faith with which you may be able to quench the fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit . . .'"

"Father, listening to you makes us feel we haven't a chance against the devil."

"Neither have you — if you take him on barehanded. With his keen intelligence and stupendous power, you have no more hope of downing

him than has a baby of knocking out a giant."

"How else but bare-handed can we fight him? Who has ever manufactured a gun to shoot the devil?"

"God's Church has manufactured numberless such weapons, if only you have sense enough to use them. She calls them sacramentals. But first make frequent and proper use of the sacraments in order to keep in the state of grace. Every moment you remain in mortal sin, you belong to the devil. You are no longer a living member of the mystical body, with Christ as your Head; you are a member of the diabolical body; the devil is your head. He has an eternal claim upon you. However, only death will make his claim irrevocable. In the meantime the sacramentals will afford you some protection—perhaps prevent him from compassing your death in mortal sin. But to experience the full efficacy of these weapons you must be in the state of grace. The devil will hardly fear his own slaves even if they are armed with the sacramentals."

"Father, which of the sacramentals can we use to chase away the devil?"

"All of them. Wear a blessed medal; carry a blessed rosary; kiss a blessed crucifix; call on the holy names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph. Make the sign of the cross—best of all, make the sign of the cross with holy water. That is infallible. If you take serious things seriously, you will keep an arsenal, that is, a holy water font, in your own home. But remember it is *holy water*—not collar buttons, pins and dust—that drives the devil away. And it is the *sign of the cross* he fears—not every senseless flourish of your hand before your nose as though you were shooing away a mosquito."

"**F**ATHER," said Delizia Hogan. For you know Miss Hogan had been abroad. "There is a great holy water font at the entrance of the Roman Basilica of St. Paul-Outside-the-Walls. The marble pedestal of this font shows the devil transfixed with terror trying to shield his head with his hands because a little child is reaching for holy water to make the sign of the cross."

"An apt illustration. If we keep in the state of grace and make frequent and correct use of the sacramentals of the Church, we can despise the devil and all his infernal trickery. One drop of holy water is enough to set this big, proud bully scampering off like a scalded cat," said Father Casey.

UNFORTUNATE PRECEDENT

L. G. MILLER

A meeting of the local chapter of the Association for the Advancement of Planned Parenthood was being held at the luxurious home of Mrs. J. Stevenson Stuyvesant. There were about ten ladies present, all of them greatly interested in reducing the prevalence of motherhood.

After a short business meeting in which plans were made for a sweeping campaign of advertisement in the local newspapers, tea was served, and the ladies engaged in an informal discussion about the matter which was so close to their hearts.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Stuyvesant, as she poised a teacup in her practiced hand, "yesterday I came across a living proof of how much our crusade for planned parenthood is needed in the world. I had occasion to go down to my husband's offices in the Fine Arts' Building after office hours, and believe it or not, I had a little chat with the janitor."

"The janitor!" echoed the ladies, with polite horror.

"Yes, the janitor. He was sweeping the main corridor as I came in, and I suddenly felt an urge to speak to him."

"You stopped and spoke to the *janitor*?" said one of the ladies.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Stuyvesant, "and I did so for a special reason. 'Well, my good man,' I said to him, 'how many years have you been at this work?' 'For nigh on to 30 years,' he replied. 'And would you mind telling me how much you make at it?' 'If it's any of your business, which I doubt,' he said, insolently, 'I'm making 20 dollars a week.' Think of it ladies! Working 30 years, and after all that time he makes only 20 dollars a week!"

"How perfectly awful!"

"Certainly the poor man must be lacking in certain qualities of mind and body, or he would have risen higher. 'How many brothers and sisters have you, my good man?' I asked him. Well, it turned out that he was the eighth child of nine. The poor mother had borne too many children. No doubt after the fourth or fifth, the rest were all defective in some way."

Mrs. Stuyvesant stopped suddenly. There seemed to be a strained silence in the room. One lady, Mrs. Maurice Manville, had grown rather pale. Somebody changed the subject. It was not until afterwards that Mrs. Stuyvesant learned the reason for the general embarrassment.

"My dear," said Mrs. Frothingham, her bosom friend, "you made an unfortunate mistake. I thought you knew, as most of us do, that Mrs. Manville has a poor brother who is a janitor in the Fine Arts Building. It must be the man to whom you spoke."

"Oh dear, Oh dear," was all that Mrs. Stuyvesant could say.

"And what is more, Mrs. Manville is the youngest of those nine children!"

MEDITATIONS ON WAR

These three meditations were delivered before approximately 11,000 people gathered at a Holy Hour for peace in an open stadium in Madison, Wisconsin.

D. F. MILLER

1. The Way

WE HAVE gathered here tonight in the name of Christ, the King of Peace, to pray that an end may be brought to a world-wide war. We are here to exercise the great privilege He has bestowed on us all by means of the words: "Whatsoever you ask the Father in My Name, He will give it to you." Our task therefore is twofold: first, to plead, to beg, to entreat, with our many voices raised as one voice, that the clouds of war will soon be lifted from the earth and the dawn of peace made to appear again. But more than that, we must ask these favors in the name of Christ, and this means that our prayers must be accompanied by soul-searching examination as to whether we have the right to assume the name of Christ as our own. He said: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Unless we have accepted Him as such, we cannot rightly use His name; unless we are prepared to demonstrate our belief throughout the remainder of our lives, it were futile and fatuous to expect an answer to our prayers.

"I am the Way," He says, "He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness." Let us meditate on the Way that is Christ and how we have followed it in our lives." A way is a path through a maze of woods, through fields of danger, over mountains of hardship, that leads straight and true to a happy goal. A way is marked by signposts and directions, by warnings and cautions, by rules and commands, lest the traveler become lost or confused. The Way that is Christ is the only path through human life that leads to a happy goal. It too is marked by rules and commands, by warnings and cautions, by guiding signposts every step of the way. And it can be said with truth that even though we as a nation have been forced into war, even though we are fighting for justice and humanity and freedom and peace, still God has permitted the war to come to us because so many have abandoned the Way that is Christ and taken the roads that lead to war.

THE LIGURIAN

See how clear is the Way, and how far we have wandered from it in our lives. A signpost along that Way reads: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself . . . Whatever you do to the least of my little ones you have done it to Me . . . Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." How many of us, in our private lives, have given up the Way when we met that sign, preferring the road whose directions read thus: "Love your friends, but hate your enemies; an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; enmity, hatred, revenge, wrath, contentions, selfishness are the right of every man." A signpost along the Way of Christ reads: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." How many found that way too hard, and rejected it for the way of sensuality and immorality, for the pampering of the body and the abuse of marriage, for sins of lust in a hundred forms. A signpost cautioned: "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish!" But how we hated penance and loved pleasure; how eagerly we followed those who denied the reality of sin and the authority of God and the glory of heaven, and so tried to escape all penance and self-denial. The Way of Christ is the only road to peace; we have chosen the roads that lead to war.

This then is our task tonight: to pray in the name of Christ by returning to the road marked out by Christ for us all. Our soldiers on many a front, our sailors on many a sea, are dying tonight in the name of democracy, in the name of freedom, in the name of peace. They shall have died in vain, if we whom they represent do not turn to Him from whom all peace and justice and freedom flow. O King of Peace, O Divine Guide, O Way to heaven, accept our penitent prayers. They are accompanied by the tears of our mothers, by the blood of our soldiers, by the sacrifices we are all being asked to make now. But above all they are accompanied by the promise that we shall never turn from Thee, our Way, again.

2. The Truth

WE FONDLY cling to the Truth of Christ when it announces something that we are eager and glad to hear. Our presence here tonight is token of our acceptance of His words about prayer: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." But may we not be forgetting that Christ was not a spokesman of part of Truth; He was not one who said some things

that are true and some that are false, some that are necessary and some that may be forgotten and rejected by us all? He said: "I am the Truth." He is all the Truth; He has expressed all that we need to know to have peace on earth and to deserve the happiness of heaven. Therefore the answer to our prayers depends on the reaffirmation of our faith in every word that proceeded from the mouth of Jesus Christ the Son of God.

Humbly, penitently, publicly, let us meditate on our faithlessness tonight. We have failed to give Christ all the allegiance of our minds. We, a nation built on the principle of freedom that Christ came to insure to man, have forgotten Him Who made our nation the refuge of freedom that it is. We, a nation dedicated to the truths that Christ died to defend, that all men are equal before God, that every man has a destiny so glorious and immortal that no power on earth may interfere with the working out of that destiny, have abused our freedom and abandoned Him to Whom we owe the democracy that we love. We have given our minds to false and finite leaders and teachers. We have believed in science, as if science could contradict or displace the living God. We have believed in mechanical and material progress, as if bodily comfort could ever satisfy the immortal soul of man. We have believed in success, prosperity, power, fame; we have believed we could make our own paradise here below. Now we are reaping as we have sown; now we are hearing, amid the thunders of war, the repetition of the words God spoke long ago: "Thou sayest, O man, that thou art rich, that thou art increased in goods, that thou hast need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked," and He adds the reason: "Because thou hast need of me."

Yes, we are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, because we built our city on another foundation than the strength of God. We have to go back now and sit at His feet again; we have to disown our godless teachers and listen to Him Who says: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? What exchange shall a man give for his soul? . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and then all other things shall be added unto you . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength; this do and thou shalt live." We have to denounce our own pride, and bend our wills and accept His truth before we shall ever hear the words again:

"My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth do I give unto you."

O Jesus, eternal Light, divine Wisdom, everlasting Truth, we ask tonight for a stronger faith in Thee. We beg for the grace to believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God, become man to illumine our minds, to direct our lives, to save our souls. We beg for the gift of understanding that nothing matters, not life nor death nor persecution nor privation nor the sword, so long as we hold fast to our faith in Thee. With such faith we pray that the evil in the world that makes for war may be crushed and destroyed; that those who hate Thee and Thy law may be transformed into Thy servants and friends; that our fighting men may soon return to find us worthy of the sacrifices they made; that soon the words that greeted Thy coming into the world may resound again: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *peace* to men of good will."

3. The Life

THE OBJECT of this hour of prayer is to seek through Christ an escape from the horror and anguish of death. For war is synonymous with death: death on land and sea and from the sky; death sudden, violent, terrible; death without mercy, death without measure, death seemingly without end. Mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts and friends, are inspired to take part in this scene that the power of God may avert from their loved ones the awful death that is the essence of war.

We pray to be relieved from the anguish of death, and therefore it is fitting that our prayers be addressed to Him Who said: "I am the Life; He that believeth in Me shall not taste death forever." He is the Master of life and of death. He made the world and all things that move and breathe and are. He made man to His own image and likeness, to that end giving him a life that like His own would go on forever. When sin changed the plan and death was born, he became man to wipe out the debt that had been incurred and to fulfill the words: "I am come that you may have life and have it more abundantly." He raised the dead to prove His power and to make real His promises. Above all, He died on a cruel cross that the violence of His death might rescue man from violent death forever. It is true that the life He offers is the life of the soul, that He left a natural death to be endured by all. But He

THE LIGUORIAN


intended that this death be awaited in tranquility, prepared for by fidelity, endured with patience, and welcomed when and where God, and not man, should decree.

Why, then, has war come, and sudden and violent death returned to persecute our hearts and our homes? The answer is simple for all who have not lost entirely the consciousness of sin. The answer is that we have rejected the means of life offered us by Christ, namely, the cross on which He died. He said: "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow me." We thought the words were a mistake, and that we could escape death only by escaping the cross. We thought that the self-denial of charity, the discipline of chastity, the hardship of mortification, were contrary to life and peace and joy. So we went our way in pride and rebellion, and lost our right to life by rejecting the cross, and brought down upon ourselves the violent and multiplied death that is war.


Again, then, our task is clear. We must return to the cross as the means of life and peace once more. The blood of our soldiers is the first price that is being paid for our refusal of the cross in the past; it is being joined by all the lesser sacrifices that are asked of us in civilian ways. That price will go on increasing so long as the lesson is not learned; that price will be accepted only when we demonstrate clearly that when peace returns we shall embrace all the crosses that are necessary to fidelity to God. For every soldier that dies in the war, let there be a thousand, yes, ten thousand who will say: "He has died for me; never again shall I refuse the cross that would have spared his life by averting war."

O divine Redeemer, O suffering Saviour, O Victim for the sins of the world, we accept Thy death and the lesson it teaches us all. Let it not be necessary for our young manhood to continue to die; let it not be needful that the scourge of war continue to lash our people; let all our present sufferings and sacrifices be transformed into penance for our past sins and into this promise for our future: "By the cross we shall live, by the cross we shall die, by the cross we shall bring back peace to the world."

Gradation

He who works with his hands is a laborer.

He who works with his hands and his head is an artisan.

He who works with his hands and his head and his heart
is an artist.

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

Complaint: My wife has a different idea than I have about the way in which our children should be raised. I believe in old-fashioned discipline, in making them obey "or else." She lets them get by with things, takes their part when I rebuke them, and in general, seems to me to be spoiling them. Is there anything that can be done to correct this situation?

Solution: The question of the upbringing of children is one that calls for intelligence, tact and cooperation on the part of both mother and father. We believe that this is one department of married life in which there should be a definite plan agreed upon by the parents as soon as the time for training a child has arrived, and then adhered to throughout. Too often there is no plan, but all discipline is left to the moods of the moment, with permanent harm to the child.

The purpose of a plan is not only to provide certain guiding principles of conduct for the mother and father, but also to effect a compromise between their differences of temperament in so far as these affect the child. Thus a father may be temperamentally inclined to over-strictness and a mother to over-indulgence, or vice versa. In talking things over they will find this out about each other and each will be able to make some compromise that will tend to establish a middle way between extremes.

Where there has been no plan and therefore no fusing of temperaments in this matter, there will always be disagreements. In general it may be said that the father must guard himself against an attitude that may arise solely from the circumstance of his being seldom at home with the children during the day. When he does come home he is often tired or touchy or worried. This will lead him to expect too much; if the children are noisy, or argumentative with one another (as children always are), or not prompt to concur with his wishes, he is liable to accuse his wife of neglecting their training. This does not necessarily follow; the father is acting on feeling rather than on knowledge.

When the mother actually does pamper the children, the father should not start an argument in the presence of the children but should await a favorable opportunity to talk things over. There is no greater harm than that which comes from giving the children evidence of divided authority.

ON PRIESTS

Two priests were walking down a street recently when a ragged child of about 10 was heard to say to another child: "What are them two?" Here is an answer.

E. F. MILLER

NON-CATHOLICS have various and fantastic opinions about priests.

Some think that priests are weak, effeminate, womanish—that they cannot be real men as Clark Gable and Billy Rose are real men; else they would go out and get married. To such people the ultimate in masculinity is to get married. Such an opinion is due to Martin Luther, the moving pictures and the common custom on the part of most men of getting married.

A second group believes that priests are a little bit crazy. The same reason is adduced for this conclusion as is held by the first group in favor of their conclusion. If priests were not crazy, they would go out and get married. Whoever heard of a man in his right senses living alone like a hermit in a cave, with beauty passing by him unobserved? Caves went out of existence long years ago. And so did celibacy. Only the mentally loose still cling to the one and the other.

Still a third contingent holds that priests are pirates, devils, Machiavellian plotters who have closets full of false beards, black cloaks and masks for the eyes. It is known for a fact that in some small towns in this country of literacy little girls will run to the other side of the street if they see a Roman collar approaching them on the sidewalk. The cause of this opinion is such literature as "Forty Years Imprisonment in a Nunnery," the tall tales of so-called ex-nuns, and the ludicrous slanders of unscrupulous gentlemen who make money exploiting the gullibility of the ignorant.

A last few maintain that priests are all right, good fellows in their own way. Funny that they wear their collars backwards and persist in dressing in black; but every man to his taste. Priests are all right, these say, as long as they remain out of politics. But the moment they mount their pulpits and start telling business about injustice and living wages and so on, then they are entirely out of order; then they are in politics.

THE LIGUORIAN

Business can run its own business, and priests should know that. Meddling priests reflect shadows on that great institution, the Catholic Church.

A PRIEST, of course, is none of these. He may be a simple Simon, with little knowledge of the world *qua* world, that is, with that part of the world which draws its life blood from Night Clubs, Burlesques and West End Society. Were he to find himself suddenly mixed up in such places or amongst such company, most likely he would hardly know what to do with his hands or his hat, and his feet would seem to be getting in the way of everything. Certainly he would be tongue-tied as far as adding sparkle to the conversation would be concerned. The majority of topics discussed would be Greek to him, and practically all the scenes enacted, vulgar and disgusting. He may be simple to the point of being taken in by every man who asks for a dime for a cup of coffee, and every woman who is working her way through college selling magazines. Yet, in another sense, he is not simple at all.

He can tell you more about the *people* of West End Society, Night Clubs and Burlesques than anybody in the world. Long hours has he sat in a dark little box, listening to the fall of scabs and scales as they tumbled from heavy souls into the sea of divine mercy. He has *seen* these scabs and scales. He has learned how they came about, how they always come about. He understands perfectly the weaknesses and defectibility of spiritual tissues that can permit the germs to find a foothold. By his experience he can spot a fake and single out a saint after half an hour's conversation. Above all, he is in possession of the knowledge of man's needs and innermost desires. Thus, he is able to tell when people are trying to fulfill those desires by mere surface pleasures and sophisticated joys, and he can foretell their failure. He may remain in the background; he may appear ill at ease when in the world. But he knows. He is a priest! It is his profession to know.

A priest (if he be an assistant) receives as salary \$600 a year. If he is a pastor he receives as salary \$1200 a year. Out of that stupendous outlay of gold, he buys the tools of his trade: his books, his cassocks, etc., etc. He buys his automobile (and few priests can get along without an automobile if they are to do their work properly), and the petrol that makes it go. He pays his housekeeper her just recompense, he purchases his clothes, he helps support his own and other people's poor

THE LIGURIAN

relatives. And these are but a few things that constantly pluck at his six hundred or twelve hundred dollars a year, or, to put it more clearly, at his twelve and a half a week. There is not much to put in the bank at the end of the year — that is certain. Thus, the priest is almost always a poor man.

THE organization that the priest belongs to (The Society of St. Peter) has never been unionized; it has no forty hour week that must be accepted by the people on the threat of strike; it has no office hours wherein the multitude of tasks that are forever piling up can be done. None of this. The multitude of tasks are done at any time and at all times; all tasks are done according to such a schedule: sick calls in the middle of the night; parish calls in the middle of the day; sodality meetings at the dawn of the evening; and the service of the Altar at the dawn of the morning. Rounding up backsliders, writing the parish bulletin, getting subscriptions for the bazaar, seeing about repairs for the school — these chores are done whenever they can be done whether it be during the dinner hour or the usual sleeping hours. Meanwhile, the priest's house is open to callers, be they young or old, respected citizens or tramps, the mayor or the bishop. They may come to him at any hour of the day or night. Their errand may be to have a medal blessed or to recite a scruple. The priest must answer, he must listen. He is theirs. The priest is the man of the people.

But all this does not say what a priest *really* is. What is a priest?

First of all, he is a man. He has to be a man, or he cannot be a priest, Amy McPherson, the Protestants and Bible Christians notwithstanding. Our Lord made no provision for women priests when He dictated the Scriptures to the Evangelists. The priest is a man, dressed up in human flesh like all men, with emotions, senses, passions. Within his body beats a human heart that like all human hearts craves love and affection. Within the confines of his flesh there is a memory that harks back to the folks at home whom he gave up when he became a priest. And alongside that memory there is an imagination that recreates on instant notice the places, the very rooms and streets and yards where he spent the golden years of childhood; the picture of mother and father, perhaps far away, now growing stooped and gray; the scene of a home he might have had for himself had he remained in the world. The priest is a man like all men, but a man that has been ground fine

THE LIGUORIAN

on the wheel of discipline and sacrifice, a man who, though human, lives as though he were not human, a mysterious figure that shall not die until the end of the world.

BUT this delineation is only incidental in the description of a priest.

He is a man who for twelve long years has struggled up a mountain-side, a steep and rugged mountainside that caused him a hundred falls and a thousand anxious hours. And all along the way, there dragged behind him the sins of the race of man. These were to be his once his journey was over. At last the journey is over. He stands on the top of the mountain, and so high is his position that he can touch the skies. He stands there alone; but with infinite power he raises his arms, and pleads, face to face with God, that the blackness lying so heavily upon him may be dispelled. His prayer is answered. Man once more becomes the friend of God.

There is no power in all the world like the power of a priest. Kings can conquer kingdoms; dictators can fashion crowns for commoners and thrones for pigmies. But no dictator's or king's power can ever transcend the boundaries of the earth and the limits of time.

How different is the power of the priest. He himself may be the weakest of mortals, a man who is torn with sickness or beset with infidelities. Yet, by the very fact of his priesthood, he can stand at an altar and transport himself beyond the earth; he can enter the throne-room of the Mass and leave time behind him; he can shake the heavens and command Divinity to appear before him; he can fashion crowns and place them upon heads that shall never fall or falter. His power is the power of eternity.

And so it is that the priest is more than a laborer receiving a pittance for a salary; more than a servant of the people; more than a mere man; more even than an angel. A priest is an *Alter Christus* — *Another Christ*, one who in the span of his life does the same tremendous work that the Messiah did when He labored here upon the earth as man.

PROTESTANTS and pagans may believe what they want to believe about the priest. But the truth is this: Of all creation, the priest, by virtue of his ordination as a successor of the Apostles, is placed the highest. He may be unworthy, he is unworthy of so exalted

THE LIGURIAN

a dignity; but God in His goodness has thought it wise to make it so. And the angelic spirits, in consequence, are constrained to speak in reverent whispers when in the presence of a priest. In priestly hands they behold the keys of the kingdom, and in priestly features the likeness of their God.

Remembrance

Bishop O'Hara, of the U. S. armed forces, has this story to relate of Notre Dame university. "A successful banker on a visit to the University spent a few days wandering about the campus to learn what he could learn. The *Religious Bulletin*, posted daily, came under his observation. At the time it was reminding the students to pray for one of their number who three years before, in his freshman year, had met with an accident which left him a helpless paralytic. Three times since then Christmas had come and gone, yet each recurrence of the feast brought him a sheaf of spiritual bouquets, pledges of prayer, Holy Communions and sacrifices, made in his behalf.

"The banker sought the President of the University and said to him: 'I am not of your faith. I am a Quaker. I am a graduate of another University. My business has brought me in contact with many other universities. I have often heard of your University and of its spirit. I think I understand it now. Here is a request for prayers for a boy who has not been with you for nearly three years; probably there are not forty boys here now who knew him personally. But he is remembered and prayed for. Notre Dame never forgets her men, and I cannot believe that they ever forget her.'"

Creed Before Dying

Here is the profession of faith of a great missionary, Father T. Gavin Duffy, uttered in a conversation with a dear friend of his who was about to hear his last confession. It was recently quoted by *The Catholic School Journal*:

"It is all but a certainty that I am to die. I would like to make a simple act of faith. I believe in the Catholic Church and her divine sacramental system. I love Christ and now offer my life entirely to Him. I know that with a glance of His eye He can rub the slate clean. I call at this moment on my Mother Mary, and I appeal to my patron, St. Thomas. One thing I am very glad of here and now. I loved truth. And I think I have been loyal to it all my life. This can even now make me tremble with joy. As to death, I am not merely resigned to it. I definitely prefer it to life. Yet let things be as God wills. I think I have done the work God meant to be done by both my hands. I am for thinking that tarrying longer might even injure it."

PATRONS FOR OCTOBER

October is unusually rich in loveable patrons. The two specially singled out here should be known to everybody.

A PATRONESS IN TIME OF WAR

(St. Theresa of The Infant Jesus, October 3)

FOR a soldier or sailor or tough marine, the name "Little Flower" may be unpopular. But don't think for a moment that St. Theresa is all flowers and frills and sugar-coated halos. Don't think of her as busy all her life with tears and pious sighs. There is a strength in the personality of this woman that is brave and beautiful. There is a glorious history behind the "roses" and "littleness" of this girl's sanctity that contradicts the unctuous veneration often connected with her cult.

The Little Flower was not a saint who warbled hymns and rolled her eyes in search of God. She proved this in the last war. She was in the French trenches helping Buck Privates crawl out of dug-outs before they collapsed. She was with the coms and non-coms inspiring their commands; she was with the medical corps and the air corps. She was the soldier's inspiration, everywhere a consolation and encouragement. She was so busy she didn't hear of the Armistice. She kept right on working and attracting men to God, and because Europe forgot her work and her God it must learn its lesson the hard way.

Now it is our turn to learn the hard way. We are following Europe again; and again, we shall come out victorious. But one thing is sure: America must change its allegiance to Hollywood. The hard life of the hard way must find a new inspiration and encouragement. The heroines and pretty women of Hollywood might do when there is no demand for pictures of sacrifice or penance, but now we are not looking for powder and lipstick heroines.

In the place of fast fading glamour girls, we can glorify women like Theresa Martin of Lisieux. She has a secret that built her a castle in Heaven, and she will teach it to all comers just as she did during and after the first World War. That is why the Little Flower is the selection of the month for Patroness in Time of War.

* * *

PATRON OF A GOOD CONFESSION

(St. Gerard Majella, October 16)

ONE sunny day a young man clothed in black entered a store and began to talk to the proprietor. The young man was a strange sort of customer, who had come to talk a strange sort of shop. He had come to bargain for the shop-keeper's soul. For after a short diversion he surprised the man with the following remark: "You have knowingly and wilfully concealed a mortal sin in Confession." The storekeeper was filled with shame; but he had to acknowledge the young man was right. He took the customer's words to heart, went to a priest and made a General Confession.

The young man of the story was Gerard Majella, a humble Redemptorist lay-brother. He is now St. Gerard Majella, and like most saints, his life on earth and his career in Heaven are quite paradoxical. For one thing, he lived over two hundred years ago, and yet he is called "A Saint of Our Times." For another, he was a religious in vows, and yet today he is universally known and loved as the "Mothers' Saint." He looked so frail and sickly that when he joined the Redemptorists, one superior sent him to another house with the tag attached: "Here is a worthless lay-brother." Now he bears the title: "The Workingman's Saint." Besides all these and many more, he is known also as the "Patron of a Good Confession."

Because he is a Redemptorist, St. Gerard's hobby is sinners, sinners like the storekeeper in the story, like those who conceal their sins from the priest for many years. Whether they are dressed in dirty rags or in shining silks, they are all the same to Gerard. All have immortal souls and all need help. Both his prayers and his example must be powerful, for during his life he brought back to God many a sinner who through false shame or fear long avoided the Confessional. He showed them where to find peace — the peace which the world could never give. To all of them he was as one reclaimed sinner put it, "an angel of God sent to deliver my soul from Hell."

The works and prayers of this saintly lay-brother are as powerful today as they were two centuries ago. And they are still necessary. For all who seek the great gift of peace St. Gerard can be a patron. His lesson is that peace of any kind can only be found after there is peace with God which is the true and basic peace. And peace with God can be obtained from the envoy of God who is the priest in the Confessional.

THE LIGUORIAN

PRAYERS TO SAINT BERARD

For the Grace to Make a Good Confession

O Great Patron of a Good Confession, Saint Gerard! O thou who didst give courage to souls whom fear and shame had overcome! O thou who didst make known to poor sinners the sins wilfully concealed from the minister of God! O thou who didst give sorrow to their hearts, resolution to their wills, truth to their lips, help me! I wish to make a good confession. If there be any mortal sin which, through my own fault, I have not confessed, bring it clearly before my mind and help me to confess it. Aid me to know my sins. Obtain for me true sorrow for them, and a firm purpose never to offend God again by any mortal sin. And when I am kneeling in the confessional, be with me, helping me to tell all my sins in spite of fear or shame. O Saint Gerard, in thy hands I place this confession! Be thou to me what thou wast to many another poor soul, "an Angel of God sent to deliver me from hell."

* * *

OTHER PATRONS OF OCTOBER

- October 1: St. Wasnulf: Confessor; Patron against thunderstorms.
- October 2: Holy Guardian Angels.
- October 3: St. Theresa of the Child Jesus: Patroness of the Missions, of aviators, of all in time of war.
- October 4: St. Francis of Assisi: Patron of Catholic Action, of merchants, of Italy.
- October 6: St. Bruno: Abbot and Confessor; Patron of those possessed by the devil.
- October 8: St. Bridget of Sweden: Patroness of pilgrims.
- October 9: St. Denis: Bishop and Martyr; Patron against headache and rabies.
- October 9: St. Bernard of Rodez: a patron for child-bearing women.
- October 10: St. Francis Borgia, S.J.: Patron against earthquake and of Portugal.
- October 11: St. Andronicus: Patron of silversmiths.
- October 12: Bl. James of Ulm: Patron of glass painters.
- October 13: St. Venantius: Abbot; Patron against fever.
- October 13: St. Coloman: Martyr; Patron for healing horses and cattle.
- October 15: St. Theresa: Patroness of Spain.
- October 16: St. Gerard Majella, C.Ss.R.: The Mothers' Saint, Father of the Poor, Patron of a Good Confession, the Workingman's Saint, and patron of religious vocations.
- October 18: St. Luke: Apostle; Patron of doctors, artists, glass workers, brewers, notaries, and butchers.
- October 19: St. Peter of Alcantara: Patron of nightwatchmen and Patron of Brazil.
- October 20: St. Acca: Confessor; Patron of students and learning.
- October 20: St. John Cantius: Confessor; principal patron in Poland and Galicia.
- October 21: St. Ursula: Patroness of school teachers.
- October 24: St. Raphael Archangel: Patron of travelers, of lovers, and of nurses.
- October 25: Sts. Crispinus and Crispinianus: Martyrs; Patrons of shoemakers, cobblers, harness makers, and tanners.
- October 28: St. Jude Thaddeus: Apostle and Martyr; Patron in desperate and hopeless cases, and of hospitals.
- October 30: St. Dorothy of Montau: Widow; Patroness of Prussia.

PORTRAIT OF AN UNPLEASANT WOMAN

It is not pleasant to meet unpleasant people, but it is good medicine. Take a dose, and maybe it will pep up your own charity.

L. G. MILLER

A LARGE automobile with a uniformed chauffeur drove up in front of the hospital and stopped in a space marked "No Parking." From its luxurious depths emerged a lady whose name was Mrs. Montgomery Montcalm Morgan. She was clad in a simple grey dress, cut very fashionably, and on her head was a soft grey veil, which hung very becomingly down to her waist. It was a little before three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Now, George," said Mrs. Montgomery Morgan to her chauffeur, "I want you to be sure and take care of that matter of the sugar about which I spoke to you this morning."

"Yes, ma'am," said George, respectfully.

"And be back here promptly at five o'clock." The good lady then turned, walked gracefully up the steps of the hospital, and entered its portal with a little sigh, as of one about to engage in a period of great self-sacrifice.

Out of the goodness of her heart, Mrs. Morgan had joined a group of society ladies who felt it to be their patriotic duty to contribute a certain measure of their time and talent to the war effort. Since they could not actually join in the fighting, and were prevented from joining the WAAC or WAVES by reason of their social responsibilities, they cast about for some other outlet for their zeal. It was about this time that the hospitals began to appeal for help, faced with a severe shortage of nurses and staff workers. Mrs. Morgan and her group then and there chose the hospitals as their particular sector of activity.

The work they would do, however, would not be that of ordinary nurses or nurses' aides. They felt no inclination towards actual physical contact with the patients. Their work would rise above the merely material sphere. It would consist in spending a couple of hours weekly in the hospitals, spreading good cheer and sunshine among patients and visitors alike by their conversation, by adding a touch of beauty to

the sick rooms, and in a thousand other little ways. To the nurses and doctors they left the care of the body; their function it was to buoy up the soul, elevate the mind, and bring a smile to the wan features of the bedridden.

IT WAS to this noble work that Mrs. Montgomery Montcalm Morgan was advancing on this particular afternoon. Now Mrs. Morgan, like a good many other people in similar circumstances, was so filled with the thought of her own generosity that she was entirely blinded to any signs of irritation and dislike on the part of those with whom and for whom she worked. And yet, it must be regretfully stated that such signs were most assuredly present.

As Mrs. Morgan swept into the hospital and made for the elevator, she passed two nurses who were just coming off duty. They nodded at her, and Mrs. Morgan beamed at them.

"My, how those poor nurses must appreciate our coming to the hospital," Mrs. Morgan thought to herself. "It makes their work so much easier, the poor dears."

But one of the nurses said to the other, when Mrs. Morgan was safely beyond earshot: "Well, I don't envy the girls on duty in *her* section," jerking her thumb after Mrs. Morgan.

"Neither do I, Sally," said the other, fervently. "I had old Hatchet-face on my hands last week, and it almost drove me wild, really it did!"

Mrs. Morgan had chosen the third floor for her orbit of operation on this particular day. It was not long before she found reason to assert her sense of humanity. She entered breezily into a room marked "No Visitors." One minute later she emerged and looked about with the light of battle in her eye.

"Nurse," she called. "Oh nurse! There's a poor man in here who wants a glass of water. Are you going to let him suffer from thirst until supper?"

"But he's not supposed to have any water," said the nurse, "He just had a major operation on his stomach."

Mrs. Morgan sniffed. "It sounds ridiculous to me," she said. "I think you nurses sometimes assume too much responsibility."

"But, Mrs. Morgan, I'm only following the doctor's orders."

Being unable to think of an appropriate rejoinder to this statement, Mrs. Morgan merely sniffed again and moved on to the next sick room.

THE LIGURIAN

Here she found a middle-aged workman who had been injured quite seriously in an accident. He had received attention from Mrs. Morgan before, and did not appear too pleased with this new visit.

"My dear man," cried Mrs. Morgan, "You are smoking entirely too many cigarettes. In your condition, you should not be doing any smoking at all." So saying, she took the cigarettes which had been lying on a table within reach of the sick man and placed them on a dresser at the other side of the room.

The patient opened his mouth in surprise, but Mrs. Morgan had already turned her attention to a vase of flowers on a little side table.

"What lovely flowers!" she exclaimed, "But they certainly aren't very attractively arranged." When Mrs. Morgan finished fussing with them, the flowers appeared to be in about the same arrangement as before.

"And now I'm sure you're dying for a little visit," went on Mrs. Morgan, with a look of benign pity upon her face. "Are you nice and comfortable?"

"Well — " began the patient, but his visitor broke in before him.

"I don't see any books or magazines around. Aren't you doing any reading during your convalescence?"

"Not much," said the man, "I never had no education, to speak of, and I'm not much in the reading line."

MRS. MORGAN clucked her tongue reprovingly. "My dear man," she said, "You really should try to improve yourself by doing a little serious reading. I'll tell what I'm going to do. I'm going to see that you are supplied with a volume or two of Ernest Hemingway and John dos Passos. They write the most wonderful books, and if you read them faithfully, your mind will be vastly improved."

The patient muttered something unintelligible which perhaps it was a good thing Mrs. Morgan did not hear.

"And now," said she, "before I go is there anything else I can do to make you comfortable?"

"No," said the sick man, firmly. "Not a thing. I don't want nothing but to be left alone."

"Now, now," said Mrs. Morgan, "mustn't get peevish. How about a itsy bitsy smile for me before I leave?"

This was too much for the man in bed. He groaned feebly, and pulled the bed covers over his head. Mrs. Morgan had to depart without

receiving her itsy bitsy smile, and when the nurse on duty looked in a few minutes later, she found the patient in a very fretful condition. She had no need to be told the cause.

"That Morgan woman has been giving you another culture session, hasn't she?"

"Yes," said the patient, adding a few remarks which, out of respect for Mrs. Morgan, had better not be reproduced.

"Brother," said the nurse, "anything you say about that woman goes double for me."

Mrs. Morgan meanwhile had descended upon a group of visitors just emerging from a room a short distance down the corridor. They looked very sorrowful and dejected, and she addressed them with a brisk cheerfulness.

"Come now, good people, cheer up. I'm sure things are not as bad as they seem." A woman looked at her with tear-stained eyes.

"My son just died in that room," she said. Mrs. Morgan's flow of words was checked, but only momentarily.

"Well, now, I'm sorry to hear that, truly I am," she said. What a pity, that such a young life should be taken. It's too bad, but we can't sit down and cry about it, can we? No indeed. There's work to be done, you know. No time for tears, no indeed." Firmly convinced that she had offered genuine consolation to the bereaved family, Mrs. Morgan bowed herself out of the group.

IT WAS, all in all, a strenuous afternoon for her, and when she emerged from the hospital after her two hours of duty, she felt entitled to a little self-complacency.

"Those poor, poor patients," she said to a companion. "How they appreciate it when someone brings them a little cheer. It's a great sacrifice for me to spend so much time with them," she went on, with a little sigh, "but I do it willingly. I wouldn't feel right if I didn't."

Mrs. Morgan's expensive limousine was parked in front of the hospital, and she paused to speak to her chauffeur.

"Did you take care of those things I mentioned, George?"

"Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Morgan looked around and lowered her voice.

"Did you get the sugar, George?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"One hundred pounds?"

THE LIGUORIAN

George bowed his head in assent.

"Good," said Mrs. Montgomery Montcalm Morgan. "That will give us five hundred pounds in all, enough to carry my husband and myself through the war no matter how long it lasts."

Catholic Loyalty

A Few Facts about Catholics:

Barry, founder of American navy was a Catholic.
First soldier to die in the first World War was a Catholic.
Christopher Columbus was a Catholic.
Americus Vespucci was a Catholic.

First school in America was a Catholic school at St. Augustine, Fla.

Charles Carroll started the first American railroad.

The first public library in U. S. was in a Catholic university.

West Point was started by the Catholic, Kosciuszko.

First printing press in America was begun by a Father White.

Catholic missionaries were the first to find oil in Pennsylvania.

Catholic missionaries grew the first wheat in U. S.

Religious liberty was first granted in America by a Catholic colony, Maryland.

Catholic missionaries discovered the copper mines in upper Michigan.

The Private's Lucky Day

Major General William H. Wilson, according to the story he tells on himself, decided to do some work on his car. He crawled beneath it, and only his feet were visible when a soldier approached. The soldier surveyed the situation and addressed the feet:

"Working on the old man's car, eh?"

"Yes."

"Gettin' paid extra?"

"No."

"How long you been in the army?"

"About 30 years."

"You a noncommissioned officer?"

"No."

"Hm-m-m. You must be pretty dumb."

And providentially, the trooper walked off before the officer could get a look at him.

Three Minute Instruction

ON THE USE OF THE ROSARY

Questions are frequently asked concerning the practical aspects of the use of the rosary. Must the rosary be blessed? When does a rosary lose its indulgences? May an indulgenced rosary be lent or given to another? During October, rosaries should be put to use by all Catholics, and therefore some of the problems are solved here.

1. It is not necessary that a rosary be blessed to gain indulgences by using it. If one recites all the necessary prayers on an unblessed rosary publicly, an indulgence of ten years is gained; if it is recited in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, a plenary indulgence is gained (if the other usual conditions are fulfilled). However many more indulgences are gained when a rosary is blessed with the Crozier and Dominican indulgences. The Crozier indulgence entitles a person to 500 days for every bead even though the rosary is not said entirely. The Dominican indulgence gives 100 days for every *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* when the five decades are said.

2. It is not necessary to use one's own rosary, or a rosary blessed for oneself, to gain the indulgences. Rosaries may be borrowed or lent or given away, and whoever uses them gains all the indulgences they bear. If it is inconvenient to do so, it is not necessary to hold the rosary in the hand or to follow the beads with the fingers to gain the indulgences; so long as the rosary is on one's person while the prayers are said, the indulgences are gained. If a group is saying the rosary together, it is only necessary that one of the group have an indulgenced rosary; all who take part in common recitation of the rosary gain the indulgences that are on the rosary held by the leader.

3. A rosary loses its indulgences only when a substantial part of it has been destroyed. If a few beads are lost from a rosary, they may be replaced without creating the need of a new blessing. If a rosary is broken, it may be repaired and does not need a new blessing. When a rosary is lent to another it does not need a new blessing when it is returned.

By all these rules, the Church makes it as easy as possible for everybody to make frequent use of the rosary. During October this year, which is the universal month of the rosary, it should be said daily by every Catholic, as a prayer for peace, and for strength to bear the hardships and sacrifices that are occasioned by war.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BIRTH-CONTROL

A simple explanation of a topic that is sometimes made complex only that the wrong answer may be given.

R. J. MILLER

GOOD Catholics are often asked to answer the question: "What's wrong with birth control?" And perhaps before they can answer, they are flooded with arguments about street cars and eye-glasses, and asked if it is wrong for them to cut their finger nails. Perhaps, too, their feelings are appealed to by the citation of some moving instance of poverty and crime in a large family, and by a description of the beauties of "Planned Parenthood."

Well, what is wrong with birth control?

One thing wrong with it is this: it is an invitation to God Almighty to take part in something very important, but at the same time it slams the door in His face.

In marriage, husband and wife co-operate with God the Creator in bringing new human life into the world. Whenever they use their rights, they by that very fact give God a solemn invitation to co-operate with them in this important matter. God may in certain instances choose not to accept the invitation: but that is entirely His privilege as Lord and Master of life and death. But accepted or not, the invitation is always present in the use of marriage, because that is exactly what God Almighty intended it to be.

But if married people use their rights and in doing so arbitrarily interfere with their natural completion, whether by interruption or by the employment of certain devices, they are giving God an invitation to act as God the Creator, and at the same time arbitrarily preventing Him from using His life-giving creative power.

Such a proceeding — to invite an important person to perform one of his most important functions in one's home, and then to slam the door in his face — would be an outrage deserving punishment no matter who the personage might be; and that is why it is wrong when God's power over new human life is concerned. That is why birth control is wrong.

This reason holds for any person who believes in God the Creator, — whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or member of any or no particular denomination.

ANOTHER reason is that it often puts a curse on the future of the children.

People say: "We wish to give our two children the very best we can. If we had more children, these two would suffer. So for the sake of the future of these two children we are not having any more."

Catholics especially should be able to see that this will mean not a blessing but a curse for the future of the children. Catholics have heard often enough that their Church teaches that birth control is a mortal sin — a serious insult to God; that one cannot be a true Catholic and deny that birth control is a mortal sin.

So when they practice birth control "for the sake of the future of the children," they are offering to Almighty God, Who is the Lord and Master of the future of the children, and holds their fate in His hands, a mortal sin, a deadly insult, a sinful effort to put the curse of impotence upon the power of the Giver of life; and this with the proviso that the insult and the curse is to bear fruit in the future of the children.

The Almighty Master of the Future is a merciful Lord, it is true, and does not always take misguided parents at their word. And on the other hand, many a wayward child has deliberately broken the heart of a saintly mother and father who never committed a mortal sin in their lives.

But if parents have made out an endowment for the future of their children consisting in a series of mortal attempts upon the life-giving power of God, "to be repaid in full upon the attainment of majority of the children," — can there be any surprise whatever if the children wind up in the penitentiary, or meet with a sudden and unprovided death? Could there be any surer way than birth control to provide a future for children that will break the parents' hearts?

So that, too, is what is wrong with birth control.

THERE is still another reason, connected with World War II.

World War II is a race war: Hitler's peculiar ideas of blood and race against our broad and liberal view; the Japanese with their

idea of a superior Eastern race against the rest of the East and against our Western race.

Hitler, the Japanese, and we ourselves all pray to God for the survival of our races in this war.

But Hitler and the Japanese, while praying for the survival of their race in the war, do their best to co-operate with the power of God for the giving of new human life to their race.

Many Americans, on the other hand, pray to God for the survival of their race in the war, and at the same time interfere arbitrarily with the life-giving power of God by the practice of race-suicide.

Their prayers call for race-survival; but their deeds seek to effect race-suicide.

If you were God, which prayer would you hear?

That is what is wrong with birth control: it may beat us in this war!

And that is why people are urgently needed in this country who, even if there have been mistakes in the past, may testify now by their deeds what they beg by their prayers: that there are at least some just persons upon whom the Lord of hosts and God of battles may look with pleasure, and for whose sake He may yet decree the survival of our race.

As for the light-headed objections about street cars, eye-glasses, or the trimming of finger nails, the answer is easy. Riding street cars helps the purpose of the feet—to move; wearing glasses helps the purpose of the eyes—to see; trimming finger nails helps their purpose—to protect the fingers. But if in stepping on a street car you exploded a bomb under its wheels; if you wore glasses that drove you blind; if in trimming your finger nails you tore them up by the roots,—then you would be doing exactly what birth control does for the purpose of marriage: acting to produce life and to prevent life at one and the same time.

AND "Planned Parenthood"!

Planned Parenthood is all right, if the Almighty Giver of parenthood is not excluded from the picture.

If married people absolutely cannot have children, that gives them no right whatever to invite the Giver of life to co-operate with them, and then slam the door in His face.

What they can and must do in that case, is cease to invite Him to their home in His life-giving capacity. He will not cease to come in other ways.

But birth control is wrong: wrong in itself, as an invitation to God to exercise His creative power, connected with an attempt to block that power; wrong in the curse it brings upon the children; and wrong in the threat it involves of national defeat and extinction; and no manipulation of flashy arguments or docile statistics or tear-jerking word pictures can change these solemn facts and make it right.

Procrastinating Charity

Mark Twain once spent a summer in Riverdale, N. Y., and a suburban fish peddler with a raucously loud voice and tin horn passed by the house quite frequently during the day. Finally one morning Mark said: "That fellow has been by here a dozen times this week. Such persistency ought to be rewarded. I'm going to buy a fish from him."

He bought the fish, and it was prepared for luncheon, but proved to be highly unsatisfactory. Next day Mark was waiting for the peddler when he came by the house.

"That fish you sold me was terrible," he said. "It was so long deceased we couldn't touch it."

"Ah, but that's no fault of mine," retorted the peddler, serenely. "I gave you plenty of chances to buy it, but you *would* wait."

Deep in the Heart of Kentucky

Chaplain Vincent Hart has this story to tell.

"Just the other evening a twenty-two year old lad came into my office, and asked for a rosary. Talk about the Christians of the Foreign Missions who retained the Faith long after their priests had been martyred or driven away—why, this case was almost comparable. Bill comes from Harlan County, Kentucky, where the last priest was called away from the people over five years ago. Never for one moment did that deep Faith leave the boy. When he met me at the chapel, he almost got down on his knees to kiss my priestly hands. During the first few moments of our conversation, his eyes filled up with tears, tears of joy at the welcome sight of 'Father.' If I never have another consoling moment of my chaplaincy, this is reward enough. He kept repeating again and again, 'Just think, Father! This means Mass and Communion and Confession every time I want them.'"

BEVERAGE FROM BARLEY

Whatever you may think of beer as a drink, you will have to admit that it has an interesting history, even when all controversial points are left aside.

G. CORBETT

ON MARCH 22, 1933, F.D.R. signed the Cullen-Harrison bill which legalized "three-point-two" beer and wine. The death knell of Federal Prohibition had begun to toll. Blue-nosed Puritans and Anti-Saloon Leaguers were cast into black despair; red-nosed tipplers and "bar-flies" rode the crest of ecstatic joy. But ordinary folk with normal noses, who could analyze the matter objectively, rejoiced because a drought that had extended over 13 years, 10 months, 19 days, 17 hours, 32½ minutes was finally at an end; because the ancient beverage which had cheered their forefathers after the day's labor could now lawfully grace their own supper tables if they so desired.

It is easy to imagine a small boy, born under the gloomy pall of the Volstead era, staring wide-eyed on that March morning at the headline in the newspaper: "Beer Is Back!" "Daddy," he might have said, "what is beer?" And Daddy would have replied in his usual unphilosophic way, "Beer is something you drink." But, Daddy, beer is more than just something you drink. Beer is a beverage that has accompanied man throughout much of his long and painful career on this planet; it is almost as old as he is. Beer is an artefact, the product of the fine art of brewing, one of the relics of ancient culture preserved for a later era by the monks of the Middle Ages. Beer is a huge factor in the economic life of this country; over 15 and a quarter billions of dollars change hands yearly because of beer; over a million people are employed in the manufacture and distribution of the beverage, and in allied equipment-industries. Beer is a focal point of the ticklish problem of excessive drinking. That, Daddy, is a sketchy indication of the true answer to your child's question.

To say that beer has accompanied man down through the ages is hardly an exaggeration; for the exact dates for both the origin of man and the origin of beer hide in the twilight of pre-history. Archaeologists maintain that the earliest known record of beer is a seal or drawing

THE LIGURIAN

baked in pottery that dates back to the year 3700 B.C. It depicts two Babylonian workers with long poles stirring the contents of a brewery vat. This fact, however, does not indicate that the ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia are to be credited with the discovery of the brewing process; for other ancient records show that the knowledge of the art of brewing was widespread at an early age. The Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, which is said to be at least 5,000 years old, mentions beer made of barley. Beer was known to the Chinese as early as the 23rd century before Christ. At the time of the great Greek writers, this beverage was to be found not only in Greece but in Gaul, Spain, Egypt, Italy, Armenia, and Thrace. Beer seems to have sprung up everywhere, but whence it came originally no one pretends to know.

IN THE early Middle Ages, the "Dark Ages," as they have been called, barbarian tribes swept out of the North like a whirlwind. They crashed the antiquated structure of the Roman Caesars as if it were a house of cards. It seemed inevitable that all the worth-while culture of Rome would now be swallowed by the mad fury of the barbarians. The Christian monk stepped into the breach; and his home, the monastery, became the cache of ancient learning. Here were preserved for future ages, the Holy Bible, the Classics, the sciences, the arts, and among these last, the fine art of brewing beer.

But the monks did more than merely preserve the fine art. They perfected it—and to such an extent that some of the brands of old orders and monasteries are still in use today. It was the Christian monk who discovered "lager" beer, or the method of so brewing beer that it could be stored and kept throughout the hot summer months. It was the Christian monk who first conceived the ingenious idea of mingling a sprig or two of hops in the monastery's wort; this experiment resulted in one of the greatest strides forward in the history of beer, for it put a new "soul" into the time-honored drink. It was the Christian monk who taught brewers to organize into craft guilds, a salutary lesson than many industries are still learning today. It was the Christian monk who provided brewers with their patron saint: St. Arnulf of Metz, great-grandfather of Charlemagne, himself the abbot of a monastery.

The barley beverage has held a place of pre-eminence in American history from the day in 1503, when Christopher Columbus and his men first encountered a maize brew, produced by the Indians of South

THE LIGUORIAN

America, which they likened to English beer, down to our own day. The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620 because, as they wrote in the ship's log, "We could not now take time for further search or consideration: our victuals being much spent, especially our beer. . . ." In 1623, it is claimed, the Dutch West India Company built America's first brewery in Lower Manhattan.

But it was not to be America's last brewery; for soon many famous names in Colonial and Revolutionary history were to be linked with the founding and establishment of breweries: Miles Standish, James Oglethorpe, William Penn, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, Israel Putnam, Dr. Benjamin Rush, James Madison. Quoth Thomas Jefferson: "I wish to see this beverage become more common." And Dr. Rush, physician-general of the Continental Army, popularly regarded as father of the temperance movement in this country, wrote of malt beverages: "They are, moreover, when taken in moderate quantity, generally innocent, and often have a friendly influence upon health and life." To cap the climax, the "Star-Spangled Banner" that flew over Fort McHenry and inspired Francis Scott Key's immortal anthem was made on the floor of a Baltimore brewery.

The brewing industry grew rapidly in this country until, on January 15, 1920, a wet blanket was thrown over the ardent good will emanating from breweries, in the form of the Eighteenth Amendment. In the peak year of its rise (1913) there were in this country 1,392 brewing concerns with a total capital of \$792,914,000, employing 75,404 persons in breweries alone. And America was drinking beer at the rate of 21½ gallons per person each year.

WHAT sort of product is this miraculous beverage that had turned the American public from the barbarous devotion to "hard" liquor visualized by Charles Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*? In 1840, two pints of "hard" liquor were consumed by Americans for every one pint of beer; seventy years later, on the eve of the Great War, the ratio had changed to eighteen pints of beer for every single pint of distilled spirits. The explanation of the phenomenon lies simply in the fact that Americans had learned to use their surplus grain in a more pleasant and less potent way. They had learned to brew good beer.

The brewing process itself is, as has been said, a fine art that has

been handed down through generations; and it is properly left in the hands of an artist: the *braumeister*. To him a beer is a symphony, demanding all the patience, care, and precision of a fine work of music. Upon him entirely depends the success or failure of a brand of beer.

Briefly, the *braumeister's* ritual, or "the brewing process," as it is called in technical books, may be said to consist in three distinct general operations, all of which are of great importance and exert their own special influence on the final result. The first of these is called "mashing" or "malting," wherein the hard inner core of the barley seed is broken down into a soft-edible mash; from this product a bittersweet liquid called "wort" is extracted. The second operation is termed "fermentation." This is effected by the action of beer-leaven or yeast on the wort, leaving an appetizing beverage. The third operation is called "storing" or "finishing," which is the natural maturing of the beverage until its characteristic bouquet and flavor becomes prominent. Following the general outlines of this ritual to perfection and properly executing the side action, i.e., cleaning the grain, steeping, germinating, kilning, pitching the yeast, and krausening the beer, are the life-work of the professional *braumeister*.

That America today is satisfied with the work of its brewers and *braumeisters* may be gleaned from a glance at statistics. Her consumption of beer increased from 9,798,000 barrels in 1933 to 54,891,737 barrels in 1940. Total annual earning of the industry amounts to well over a billion dollars. Beer taxes paid to the Federal Government last year would have been sufficient to buy about 1,000 four-engined bombers, or 3,488 fighter planes, or 43 destroyers, or 58 submarines, or 5,194 medium tanks, or to equip 1,392,000 soldiers. These astronomical figures bear out one conclusion: brewing in America today is plainly "big business."

THE beverage called beer, therefore, can justly claim recognition for its contribution to the historic and economic development of the land; but its principal title to fame consists in its effect on the social life of the nation. No attempt has been made in these pages to pontificate and thereby to settle long-standing disputes; but the common scourge of loose thinking is more evident in this problem than in most others. People, in their zeal for what they think is right, forget first principles and obvious facts. For instance, it would be well to remember that while

THE LIGUORIAN

total abstinence is virtuous, nay heroic, heroic tee-totalers have no right to demand like heroism of everyone else. This mistake was made in the form of the now happily defunct Prohibition Amendment. Temperance is truly a virtue, and it consists, not in total abstinence, but in the moderate use of God-given benefits. Again, it is well to remember that beer, while it is an intoxicant, is not *highly* intoxicating; and therefore, it should be separated entirely in the popular mind from "hard" liquor.

The United Brewers Industrial Foundation of America have adopted this attitude toward their product and have re-christened beer "The Beverage of Moderation." Dr. William Gerry Morgan, one time president of the American Medical Association thus stated their case: "All observers are agreed that some form of social beverage is demanded. Beer as it is consumed by a vast majority is non-intoxicating and harmless and therefore the ideal beverage. . . . True temperance is the goal we should strive for. The two poles of intemperance are prohibition on the one hand and drunkenness on the other. "Could these be the voices of leaders showing the way to America of the future?"

On Sticking Out the Tongue

Here in America, if a little boy, when corrected, sticks his tongue out at you, it is time for a spanking. But when the little boy sticks his tongue out in India, he is only showing that he's sorry. Sticking the tongue out to express shame and contrition is frequently found among the Mongoloid and aboriginal tribes in India. In Tibet it is the ordinary form of greeting a friend on the street. If a man meets a superior, besides putting out his tongue, he must also hold the lobes of his ears with his hands. If the person met is a very high dignitary, he must put out his tongue, hold the lobes of his ears, and kneel down as well. — *The Bengalese*.

Epitaph Department

Remember, man, as you pass by
As you are now, so once was I
As I am now, so you will be.
Remember, man, eternity.

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

On Choosing a Physician

It is not possible to put down hard and fast rules concerning the choice of a physician for all cases of illness because circumstances that cannot be controlled often enter into the matter. But certainly this much is true, that where a choice can be made, a Catholic should always desire to have a Catholic physician attend to his needs, even though the one chosen may not have the great reputation held by some of his colleagues.

This principle is not based on any narrow-minded prejudice against non-Catholics. It is based on certain vital considerations that may even play a major role in a patient's peace of mind and on his psychological requirements for restoration to health. Above all it will be the best insurance against the danger of letting sickness of any kind lead to the suggestion of some so-called remedial action that is contrary to the law of God.

The religious beliefs of a doctor may at first sight seem unimportant so long as he knows what treatment and remedies to prescribe for disease. But this unimportance is only on the surface. Proof of this is evident in the fact that it is not unusual to find a non-Catholic physician recommending and urging contraception and "therapeutic" abortion; excusing and even advising self-abuse; politely scoffing at the value of the ministrations of a priest; and endeavoring to stifle the troubled consciousness of sin. To be spared even the slight chance of meeting such dangers is worth whatever other price a Catholic may have to pay.

But apart from such positive reasons for not trusting oneself entirely to a non-Catholic physician (who may or may not know better) there are many other reasons of a more intangible nature. A Catholic physician will have the same philosophy of life as the one he is trying to heal; he will recognize the value of a clear conscience and the comforting sense of the friendship of God; he will know when and in how far the patient needs the ministrations of a priest. His knowledge of all these things will enter into his treatment, his advice, his every word; it will play a great part in the efficacy of his work.

Some of the greatest doctors in the history of medicine have been devout Catholics. Some of the greatest in the field today, even though they may not have world-wide renown, are genuine Catholics. Renowned or not, there is an advantage in their equipment for healing that no Catholic should lightly disregard.

WELL KNOWN BUT FORBIDDEN

Check your private library against this list and see whether you possess any prohibited books.

F. A. BRUNNER

IN THESE days of cheap editions of many classic books, when apparently the reading public is able to acquire and read many fine works that heretofore were too costly to procure, it is not inappropriate to point out a few authors whom the Church in her wisdom has deemed harmful and has in consequence forbidden. Some of these authors are considered classics; they are a "must" on every catalog of the world's best books. Yet they wrote volumes which might prove very dangerous to a Catholic's belief or to a Catholic's good conduct and because of that risk they have been singled out for official condemnation. The names, we say, are on the Index, the catalog of forbidden books. Because they are so listed Catholics may not read them, nor even keep them in their possession unless they have permission to do so.

In the following tables, extracted from the much larger catalog of forbidden books, are listed those authors and works which are probably more familiar to the average American reader.

BOOKS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH

Addison, Joseph, *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy.*

Book of Common Prayer.

Browne, Thomas, *Religio Medici.*

Burnet, Gilbert, *The History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, and several other volumes of sermons.

Defoe, Daniel, *Political History of the Devil.*

Gibbon, Edward, *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Goldsmith, Oliver, *An Abridged History of England.*

Hallam, Henry, *Constitutional History of England and View of the State of Europe . . .*

Hobbes, Thomas, all works.

Hume, David, all works.

Lang, Andrew, *Myth, Ritual and Religion.*

THE LIGUORIAN

- Locke, John, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding and The Reasonableness of Christianity*.
Marvell, Andrew, *Account of the Growth of Popery*.
Mill, John Stuart, *Principles of Political Economy*.
More, Henry (Morus), all works.
Richardson, Samuel, *Pamela*.
Steele, Richard, *An Account of the State of the Roman-Catholic Religion*.
Sterne, Laurence, *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, by Mr. Yorick*.
Whately, Richard, *Elements of Logic*.

FOREIGN BOOKS COMMON IN ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

- Balzac, Honoré, all love stories.
Batiffol, Pierre, *The Eucharist* (earlier editions).
Bremond, Henri, *St. Chantal*.
Casanova de Seingelt, *Memoirs*.
Croce, Benedetto, all works.
D'Annunzio, Gabriel, practically all works.
Diderot and Voltaire, *Encyclopaedia*.
Dimnet, Ernest, *Catholic Thought in Modern England*.
Döllinger, J. J., *The Pope and the Council*, by "Janus."
Duchesne, Louis, *Ancient History of the Church*.
"George Sand" (Amantine Dudevant), all love stories.
Dumas, Alexandre, father, all love stories.
Dumas, Alexandre, son, all love stories.
France, Anatole, all works.
Heine, Henrich, much of his later poetry.
Huarde, Juan, *Examen de ingenios*.
Hugo, Victor, *Notre-Dame de Paris* and *Les Misérables*.
Kant, Immanuel, *Criticism of Pure Reason*.
Maeterlinck, Maurice, all works.
Montaigne, Michel de, *Essays*.
Proudhon, Pierre-J., all works.
Renan, Ernest, practically all works.
Rousseau, J. J., *Emile* and *The Social Contract* besides several minor books.
Spinoza, Benedict, practically all works.

THE LIGUORIAN

Taine, Hippolyte-A., *History of English Literature*.

Voltaire, Francois-M., practically all works.

Zola, Emile, all works.

It must be noted that if a given work of an author is listed, only that work is prohibited; the author's other books are not affected by the decree.

Tribute

Rousseau, who could not be convicted of prejudice in favor of Christianity, had this to say about its influence upon the world: "Our rulers undoubtedly owe to Christianity their more stable authority and the less frequent revolutions; it has rendered even these less bloody. This is proved by facts, when modern rules are compared with those of ancient times. When religious had become better known, it imparted greater mildness to Christian morals by doing away with fanaticism. This change is not the result of culture, for, wherever culture has flourished, humanity has never been the more respected for that; the cruelties of the Athenians, the Egyptians, the Emperors of Rome and the Chinese give testimony of this. What works of mercy the Gospel has brought about! What restitutions and reparations the Sacrament of Penance has caused among Catholics."

Taboos

To handle or touch the bodies or any part of the bodies of dead animals causes defilement for a Hindu, and he must purify himself before he can come back into society. To avoid this defilement, a good Hindu would never wear clothes or shoes made of animal hides, and will not even use gut for the strings of his musical instruments. On one occasion in 1935 the Maharaja of Alwar, traveling in Europe, caused a long delay in the departure of the train from Venice when he requested that the leather pigskin upholstery in his private coach be removed. Before he would enter with his suite of thirty persons, every remnant of the infamous pig had to be substituted for by carpets, rugs and textiles, and the Maharajah cheerfully paid for the alterations.—*The Bengalese*.

Not Music

"There's no such thing as bad music," says Stevens, 32 years old and one of America's better known young musicians. "If the people like it, it isn't bad. If they don't like it, it isn't music."—*Screen and Radio*.

What, then, DID Beethoven and others of his stamp write?

BROTHER ROBERT

E. F. MILLER

Of course, *Brother Robert* is not his real name. I do not think that there are many who know what his real name is. Only this—it must have been a pretty good name, for there is a cut of culture in Brother Robert's features and the stateliness of nobility in his bearing. That is all. The rest is simply buried under Brother Robert. Nobody calls him by any other name.

Brother Robert is Robert because the first Robert was a mighty saint. And he is Brother because he has given over his life to serving, helping, waiting on and praying for the priests in the Community where he lives. You see, the priests have not given up *their* names. They have not hidden the glories of *their* past. They need Brother Robert to pray for them lest they become proud and lose their souls.

Brother Robert is glad to take care of this little task. He takes care of it most of the day—in the chapel and out of it. He does other things too. For example, all the hosts that the priests use at Mass are made by Brother Robert. The priests to a man say that they are the best hosts that they have ever seen.

It is peculiar that they are the best hosts that the priests have ever seen. In fact, it is peculiar that Brother Robert makes hosts at all. For, he is not like the rest of men. Brother Robert is stone-blind.

Most likely all of Brother Robert's relatives and friends are gone now. They dropped off one by one as the years flew by, and left him alone—in his blindness. He is all alone, doubly all alone. And yet, is he alone? Brother Robert is often seen smiling and sort of communing with himself. Perhaps, as he makes his hosts and sweeps the floors he is having visitors. Perhaps there come to lighten up his darkness his mother and his father, his brothers and his sisters, his friends of years and years ago—and that, all the way from eternity, just to show Brother Robert what it is going to be like when he gets his eyesight back forever.

At any rate Brother Robert does not seem to be worrying. He knows that God is going to take care of him. God is taking care of him—*right now*.

MOTHERHOOD WITHOUT FEAR

We defy anyone who possesses on the one hand, respect for God's laws and on the other, knowledge of the trials that arise in marriage, to read this article without rising enthusiasm for its cause.

R. A. GAYDOS

HARRY MARKMAN smiled happily as he stood near the snowy white hospital bed looking down at his wife and the new baby. He felt a bit choked up inside, found all this hard to believe — his wife receiving expert pre-natal care, the birth of his baby amid the hand-and-foot service and modern conveniences of an up-to-date hospital, the assurance that mother and child would receive the best of medical care until they were ready for discharge from the hospital. This was the first time one of his children had been born under such circumstances, this was the first time women of the parish had kept house, cooked meals and attended to the other children of his family while his wife was taken up with the full-time job of bringing another man into the world. And the most wonderful part of it all is that he had contributed only six dollars to the parish Maternity Guild which was itself only six months old but which had already benefited him and his family so much. On the bed Mrs. Markman smiled and thought like her husband; tears were in her eyes as she laid her hand in his and both of them blessed the day that the Maternity Guild plan had been introduced into their parish. They wished they could shout from the housetops and tell the world all about it.

Today there are countless Harry Markmans and their families wishing they could tell the world about the new Catholic crusade which is daily gathering more and more momentum and will soon begin sweeping the country from coast to coast. Bishops, priests, and laymen are answering its call to the colors and are already producing gratifying results in the day's most necessary field of Catholic Action. Indeed, the day is not far off when the world will be forced to sit up, take notice, and learn about Catholic Maternity Guilds.

Every Catholic knows, or should know, that ever since its introduction into ancient Rome the Church has been most emphatically and most uncompromisingly opposed to contraception, birth prevention, or

so-called birth control. At no time in history, however, has the Church encountered more opposition in this regard than at the present time when fanatical, but misguided, philanthropists openly advocate birth control clinics, maternal health stations, preach the limitation of families in the lower income brackets, spend millions of dollars in their vicious campaign of rebellion against God and nature, and have finally secured tax-supported clinics in many States where fretful modern women are taught how to frustrate their own destiny as mothers of tomorrow's children. So strong has been the pressure of unprincipled modern society to abandon natural morality and decency as it applies to marriage that even Catholics have succumbed to it. So common has the evil become that many now fail to realize that birth prevention will bring down the eternal punishment of God on the impenitent just as surely as do the crimes of perjury, robbery, murder, blasphemy and the like.

HENCE, there came about the introduction of a counter attack in the form of Catholic Maternity Guilds.

Catholic writers and preachers have long been most diligent in their condemnation of birth control and similar practices. They argued, demonstrated, proved the inherent viciousness of the practice according to the norms of right reason, the natural law, the Commandments, and the teachings of the Church — but without much effect. People wanted more than arguments and proofs; they needed a common-sense, practical solution.

But not until eleven years ago, after Pope Pius XI's Encyclical on Chaste Wedlock, was there launched a program destined to help in a practical way those who conscientiously wanted to live a truly chaste, Christian wedded life.

It was in 1931 that Father Joseph J. Schagemann, C.Ss.R., publicly introduced for the first time his plan for Catholic Maternity Guilds. The plan called for Catholic Action in an entirely new program and was destined to do an immense amount of good. Wherever established according to the founder's plan it has been most successful. It was the plan that Catholics had been waiting for.

Built on the principles laid down in Pius XI's Encyclical, the Maternity Guild idea is fundamentally sound. According to the official definition given by its founder, the Guild Movement is a crusade to counteract the evil of contraception, to teach reverence for the dignity

THE LIGURIAN

of parenthood and to build up the Mystical Body of Christ both spiritually and materially. The movement strictly follows the means suggested by the Pope himself, namely, the use of *supernatural grace*, *indoctrination* in the truths of faith and morals, and *financial assistance* (using the self- and mutual-help plan of co-operative guilds) to the married in the moderate income group and to the deserving poor in bearing the financial burdens of parenthood.

Because Maternity Guilds are *pious unions*, according to the terminology of Canon Law, they are very much distinct and separate from confraternities, third orders, sodalities, and the like. Hence, in their erection the Pastor who wants to establish the guild in his parish must first request permission of his bishop to call a parish discussion of the matter. When the parishioners have decided to set up the guild, then the pastor submits a copy of the constitution to the bishop and secures either simple approval or a decree of canonical erection. When this has been done both pastor and people are sure their work will stand, for such a canonically erected *pious union* can never be dissolved without the bishop's consent.

Not "just another society" in the parish, the Guild is rather a united endeavor by all the parish organizations already established — the whole parish, men and women, married and single, work together in creating by cultural activity the Christian attitude of reverence for parenthood, the Christian ideal of fraternal charity, and that greatest, most sublime Christian reality — the Mystical Body. Shoulder to shoulder every man and woman of the parish unites and fights to keep the poison of contraception from seeping into the minds and eating out the hearts of today's and tomorrow's Catholic husbands and wives.

IN EVERY sense of the word, Maternity Guilds are "co-ops." They are the co-operative endeavor of the entire parish: rich, middle class, and poor. The spirit of such Guilds, however, differs fundamentally from that of the "co-ops" in one essential point — unselfish Christian charity. Ordinary "co-ops," as their names signify, must be nourished on the necessary and vital spirit of co-operation; but they do not exclude the energetic spirit of selfishness. Catholic Maternity Guilds, too, must have co-operation from all the members; but they must have more. Therefore, a "getting something for nothing" spirit cannot exist in the Guild. Bound together by their common spiritual purpose, the majority of

THE LIGURIAN

Guild members help support it without the least intention of directly benefiting by its material help in maternity cases.

Like all "co-op" endeavors that succeed, so too, the Maternity Guild must be preceded by a period of special study and planning. To accomplish this a free pamphlet-explanation of the Guild and its purposes is distributed to all the members of the parish and a period of about two weeks allowed for the study of it. Then at a desired time, the pastor convokes meetings of all his societies and thus puts into motion the machinery for the actual founding of the Guild.

It is extremely simple. Each society or sodality elects two of their members to serve on an organizing board of directors for the whole parish. Guild Founders and Guild Patrons, usually people of considerable means, are solicited to make fifty and twenty-five dollar contributions to a basic reserve fund. Then Family-Members are enrolled. These are married people who expect to benefit by the material as well as the spiritual advantages of the Guild. In husband-and-wife units they contribute a lump sum of ten dollars a year, or one dollar a month. For every one Family-Membership it is advised, and indeed is necessary, to have about ten Sustaining Members. Sustaining Members contribute one dollar a year to the Guild and waive the claim of receiving any material benefit therefrom. Thus steered away from the idea of "charity" in the odious sense, the Guild is firmly grounded on a sturdy plan of mutual self-help and co-operation and that most rare of Christian virtues — true Christian charity.

Another portion of the Guild membership is made up of Associate Members who are competent obstetricians, registered nurses, the administrators of Catholic hospitals, teachers in Catholic schools and all others who can promote the objectives of the Guild in their own profession. Doctors lecture to the Guild members at different times; are glad to offer, of their own free choice, special lower fees for the maternity cases of Guild members. Nurses lecture on modern health methods and proper hygiene to Guild members without charge. So too, all in this group contribute their services in the same Guild spirit that animates the entire organization.

IT IS most important to note that the Guild is in no way an insurance scheme. It does not demand "dues" of its members; they are free-will offerings. It does not hold itself obliged to pay Family-Members

a fixed amount at the time material aid is needed. It does help Family-Members wherever called upon, but the obligation by which it does this is not a legal one. With a set-up like this no state insurance commissions can interfere with the administration of the Guild. You might say, then, that the Guild enjoys all the advantages of an insurance "co-op" without being bothered by cumbersome legal restrictions and red tape. So it always has been: institutions founded on true charity are in no need of such legislation as that which rules insurance companies. For them it is superfluous.

Mark this consequence of the non-legal status of Maternity Guilds as insurance companies: Family-Members cannot legally be held to contribute to the Guild during years when they do not expect to receive financial aid from it. And yet they do! They contribute the same amount each year and thereby help themselves by helping others. The same holds for all the other members. Here most of all one can see the unique spirit of Charity that is a through and through characteristic of the whole Catholic Maternity Guild Apostolate. United in the closer-than-blood bond of the Mystical Body, Guild Members have their own regulations and rules such as would be entirely impractical in any other organization not influenced so strongly with true Christian charity. Where is there an insurance company that can match this one?

Neither does the Guild use pressure on doctors or the directors of Catholic hospitals to obtain lower fees for Guild members. Most doctors are willing to grant a reduction immediately after the Guild plan has been explained to them—but they do so of their own volition. The Guild does not even make out its checks to physicians or hospitals; instead, Family-Members receive the money so that they themselves can pay for the medical care. Because this course of action does not open the way for the establishment of "socialized medicine," the American Medical Association has given its approval to the Catholic Maternity Guild plan.

HARD-HEADED in its practicality, nonetheless the Maternity Guild plan is a glorious crusade for Christ. Arising in the midst of shabby, materialistic surroundings where motherhood is laughed at, responsibilities of parenthood evaded and Christian morality in marriage openly derided, the Guild must be a crusade if it is to succeed. Indeed, it is a fight with one of the most subtle foes of history, a life

THE LIGUORIAN

and death struggle with an atmosphere, an ideology, a temptation so very alluring to poor fallen human nature. But it is a kind of hidden battle, a battle of ideals fought on the drab battlefield of every day life in the lives of courageous Americans who are strengthened with a divine valor and are not afraid to meet the ribaldry and scorn of conceited moderns or the base immoralists around them. This is a crusade of the twentieth century. There is no finery, no Middle-age enthusiasm to cheer the combatants on their way to battle and worldly glory, no handsome parade in shining knightly armor with the clamorous encouragement of a battle-conscious populace.

Yet the Catholic Maternity Guild Apostolate has met with an enthusiastic acclaim wherever introduced. Young married men and women have always been the first to co-operate because they know the dangers that threaten their spiritual life. Middle-aged people were the next strongest in their support because they had already experienced the difficulties of leading a Christian married life. Despite this fact only twenty-four Guilds have been founded. They are in cities located anywhere between New York and San Antonio, from Milwaukee to Baltimore — but they should be spreading faster than they are, they should be in more of our cities, they should be in practically every city parish. The number of 24 pales significantly when placed next to the 478 birth-control clinics established across the land.

Laymen have not been slow in rallying 'round the standard raised in defense of Christian morality in marriage. When the Guild-solution is offered them for their problems, they have shown themselves quick to grasp the opportunity presented and are eager for the establishment of the Guild. Ultimately, then, the widespread and lasting success of the movement rests with the clergy and the Catholic press. It is the duty of these two bodies to spread knowledge of the Guild if they would have Catholic people live the life preached and taught to them from Catholic pulpits. It is the bounden duty of the press and the clergy not only to denounce sinful birth-control and other crimes against the Sacrament of Matrimony but also to publicize a practical solution of the evils as put forward by the Catholic Maternity Guild Apostolate. The press should spread the knowledge of the Guilds; the clergy should see to it that they swing into action in the Catholic parishes of the nation.

IT IS encouraging at this time to know that new Guilds are now under plan and discussion in several more cities and dioceses, seminarians in various dioceses have interested themselves in Guild study as a possible outlet for zeal in their future ministry, and bishops and archbishops are encouraging the general movement more than at first.

A powerful spiritual weapon against a terrible spiritual foe, the movement cannot help but succeed with the help of St. Gerard, the patron Saint of mothers, and with the grace of God! Its ideals are too high, its leaders are too zealous, its patrons in heaven are too powerful and God is too deeply concerned in the final results to allow for failure.

Hero Department

Of twenty-two chaplains serving with the troops at the siege of Bataan, five have received citations from the U. S. government for extraordinary bravery.

The Apostrophe of Mr. Blue

Mr. Blue, the character made famous by Myles Connolly, stood on the parapet of the thirty story building, and as one inspired, cried:

"My hands, my feet, my poor little brain, my eyes, my ears, all matter more than the whole sweep of these constellations! God Himself, the God to Whom this whole universe-specked display is as nothing, God Himself had hands like mine and feet like mine, and eyes and brain and ears! Without Christ we would be little more than bacteria breeding on a pebble in space, or glints of ideas in a whirling void of abstractions. Because of Him, I can stand here out under this cold immensity and know that my infinitesimal pulse-beats and acts and thoughts are of more importance than this whole show of a universe. Only for Him, I would be crushed beneath the weight of all these worlds. Only for Him, I would tumble dazed into the gaping chasms of space and time. Only for Him, I would be confounded before the awful fertility and intricacy of all life. Only for Him, I would be the merest of animalcules crawling on the merest of motes in a frigid futile Infinity. But behold, behold! God wept and laughed and dined and wined and suffered and died even as you and I. Blah!—for the immensity of space! Blah!—for those who would have me a microcosm in the meaningless tangle of an endless evolution! I'm no microcosm. I, too, am a Son of God!"

MOMENTS AT MASS

F. A. BRUNNER

The Lord's Prayer and the Prayer for Deliverance

Immediately after the people have closed the canon of the Mass by responding "Amen," the celebrant intones the Lord's Prayer in a tune that is unquestionably a part of the oldest musical heritage from the Jewish synagog service:

Let us pray: Urged on by saving precepts, and schooled by divine lesson, we dare to say:

Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done
on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
as we also forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

The last petition is sung by the people, the priest answering softly "Amen." He then continues silently with a paraphrase of this last petition:

Deliver us, we beseech thee, O Lord, from all evils, past, present, and to come; and by the pleading of the blessed and glorious Mary, ever a virgin, mother of God, together with thy blessed apostles, Peter and Paul and Andrew, and all thy saints, mercifully grant peace in our days, that by thy helpful compassion we may always be free from sin and secure from all disturbance. Through the same Jesus Christ thy son, our Lord, who with thee, in oneness with the Holy Spirit, lives and reigns as God, world without end.
Amen.

Historical notes:

A widespread liturgical tradition made the Our Father an immediate preparation for receiving the daily bread in Holy Communion. Its present position in the Roman Mass right after the canon, when the Mass was therefore essentially finished, was accorded it by St. Gregory the Great toward the close of the sixth century. "The Lord's Prayer is recited immediately after the Eucharistic prayer [the canon] because it was the custom of the Apostles to consecrate the offerings only when this prayer was also said." The Pope added that to him it seemed most inappropriate "to omit, in the sacrifice of the Saviour's body and blood, the prayer which he himself had composed."

It is impossible to determine the time and place in which the prayer for deliverance came into the Mass. St. Gregory knew it, for it was he who added the name of St. Andrew, to whom he had special devotion, and the petition for peace which was threatened in those years by barbarian invasions. But the prayer actually goes back farther into dim Christian antiquity.

Side Glances

by The Bystander

Every war, no doubt, has produced its distinctive types of character according to the various outlooks people assume. This war is no exception. Take the wide variety of temperaments among people and confront them with the issues, possibilities, facts and propaganda that go with war, and they will fall into certain molds. Some of these molds lend themselves to caricature. If the bystander were a cartoonist, he would draw pictures of them. But words may do just as well. Almost everybody has met the casts of mind represented by the following types in the present war.

◎

The hopeless pessimist. This is the person for whom all news is bad news and no news is worse. He can find sombre notes even in the news-stories of great victories. He has a keen eye for fine print and short articles on page 12 of the daily paper that make things look pretty bad. He knows his geography and can tell you offhand how many miles it is from Australia to Tokio and how impossible it will be to recapture all the territory in between. He knows (or thinks he knows) how many planes Hitler has and how few we have. He has inside stories of how feebly the democracies are producing, of shortages of materials, of idle men and bottlenecks. Everything looks black and the war will last five more years if it will last a day. His slogan is "Too little and too late" enunciated with apocalyptic fatalism. Usually, he has not contributed much to the war effort except his moaning. He should be put to work on a farm, where sunshine and flowers and growing things might make the world look a little brighter.

◎

The "Why-don't-they-tell-us-what's-happening" patriot. He thinks there is a deep dark plot afoot to conceal from the common man the facts of the war. If the news that a certain warship has been sunk comes out a month after the event, he unleashes a diatribe against the government. "Look at that," he will say. "They held that news up on us a whole month. You can't tell me there isn't something crooked there!" He wants to know what MacArthur is doing in Australia, what Stilwell is doing in China, what the A. E. F. is planning in England. It galls him not to be able to tell the world (including Germany and Japan) how many planes we are turning out per day and exactly where they are going. No doubt he is the kind of person who never kept a secret in his life, not even the kind that could wreck reputations and destroy families, and he cannot bear to have secrets kept from him now. He ought to be sent down into a mine to dig coal, where he would not see any newspapers for a month at a time.

◎

The "Die-hard administration-hater." He guessed wrong in the last election—maybe the last three elections. He has never recovered from

THE LIGURIAN

his chagrin. He lets that be known by attributing 1) the whole war, and 2) the "terrible" way the war is being run, to the personnel in Washington. Every item of bad news that appears gives him a new opportunity to express his political hatred. He is a real menace to American democracy. He has an endless store of slurring and sometimes vile stories against the President and those around him. He doesn't want to get in trouble with the F. B. I., so he usually feels out his listeners before unleashing his vituperation. Then he talks with his hand at the side of his mouth to connote secrecy. He ought to be put on a destroyer chasing submarines through mine fields; perhaps he would find out that not everything in the world is political.

©

The "*Hope-we-win-but-hope-England-loses*" type. Sometimes he is a German by birth who blames all Germany's troubles on England, even though he doesn't like Hitler. Sometimes he is an Irishman for whom every Englishman is a "Black and Tan" and who would pay any price for the incorporation in Ireland of the six counties. Anyway he hates England and all things English with an unforgiving hatred. Not even Russia comes in for the flaying he reserves for John Bull. He can interpret every campaign, every political move, every retreat, every omission, of the British, and according to him, they are all bad. He is hoping for some miracle to happen whereby England will be crushed, her colonies lost, her prestige destroyed, her island bombed to shreds, while the United States will be victorious single-handed. He should be given a job as nursemaid to evacuated English children; maybe he would find out that there are some Englishmen who are not vicious nor treacherous nor worthy of his hate.

©

The "*Ration-Beater*." He is the man for whom the war is just a nuisance, to be circumvented as frequently and as completely as possible. Let the word be whispered that there is going to be a shortage of shoe-laces, and straightway he will buy a couple of gross of the same. He has stowed away three tires for every wheel on his automobile. He has a large tank-full of gasoline buried in his back yard. If lightly chided for these practices, he has an answer. "This rationing business is the bunk. It is all a scheme to help the big shots. Why, there's plenty of sugar in the country. And they've got oil to burn; they won't even let the wells run to their full capacity. As for transportation, look at all the oil cars standing in freight yards; why don't they use those? Somebody is making money on us, that's all. But they won't get me. I'm too clever." He is so clever that he ought to be sent to the African desert to dig up supplies out of the hot sand for the boys fighting there. Maybe he would find out that there can be a scarcity even of drinking water when a war is going on.

©

These are not pleasant cartoons, but they are real. Fortunately, the majority of good American citizens are doing everything in their power to practice high patriotism and unselfishness.

Catholic Anecdotes



FAITH OF A CHILD

ONE of the Missionary Catechists tells this story of a little Filipino child of three who was brought to visit the convent of the Catechists in a Western city. She was shown the chapel, and her guide explained that Jesus lived in the Tabernacle and was glad to have her visit Him.

Later on the little one was found looking carefully at the statue of the Sacred Heart on a stairway.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That is a statue of Jesus."

But the word statue meant nothing to her. The little girl looked inquiringly around, and then pointed at the door of the chapel.

"Did He get out?"

REWARD FOR THE TRUTH

A MAN had three sons, and one day he called them together and asked of the eldest:

"What will you do when I die?"

"At your death," was the solemn reply, "I will buy 30 kegs of gunpowder for the funeral rites. Never will such salvos have been heard, not even for a king."

"Begone!" retorted the irate father. "You are lying! You wouldn't go to all that expense for my sake." He then turned to his second son.

"What will you do when I die?"

"At your death," was the answer, "I will kill 10 fatted cows for the funeral banquet. Such bounty will be the greatest ever shown in the whole country!"

"You are lying also," the father said. "Away from my sight!" Finally he put the same question to his youngest son.

"What will you do when I die?"

THE LIGUORIAN

"If you set me a good example during your life," he replied, "I promise to follow in your footsteps and to do the right thing always."

"Your words are true and the saying of a wise man," the father exclaimed with admiration. "You, my son, are indeed worthy of my love."

A RELIGION OF VIGOR

A YOUNG New Zealander was traveling recently on the ferry steamer between Wellington and Lyttleton. After a last turn around the deck, he had gone down to his cabin, which he shared with an unknown companion, who was already tucked in the upper berth. The young man took off his coat, took out his rosary, knelt down, and began to say that much-loved prayer.

Unaware of the absorbed interest which his cabin mate was taking in his action, he had reached the end of the first decade, when the door opened by his side and a steward appeared with a tray, intended for the passenger in the upper berth. The reciter of the rosary heard a laugh, and looked up just in time to see the steward contemptuously pointing a finger at him.

Dropping his beads on the bed, the man who was thus mocked sprang to his feet and towered over the now frightened steward.

"You low-down cur," he said, "I'll teach you to laugh at a man's religion." So saying, he caught the Cockney steward in a vise-like grip, held the door open with his foot, and pitched him, tray and all, into the narrow corridor.

There was silence for a moment, then it was broken by the passenger in the upper berth.

"I say, old chap, that was good work. I am a Catholic, too, but I don't say my beads at night, and few prayers, indeed at any time. But I admire and respect you for what you have just done."

"Well, then, if you do," came the unexpected reply, "get down here and say your beads with me and prove your religion."

The suggestion was adopted with a smile, and the two finished the rosary together.

THE LIGURIAN

DATE WITH GOD

I WANT a beautiful corsage," said the old gentleman to the florist. "Not a big one, but just about the prettiest one you can make." He smiled broadly. "It's for my granddaughter; she's having her first date tomorrow."

The florist was all sympathetic interest.

"How old is the young lady?" he asked, speculatively eyeing his flowers.

"Two weeks," replied the grandfather.

The florist looked his amazement. "Did you say a date . . . a corsage . . . and she's only two weeks old?"

"Precisely," was the answer. "And I want a corsage that's exactly right. She'll never have a more important date than she has tomorrow. She is going to be baptized."

NO OTHER NAME

ONE OF the most touching accounts which has come down to us from the ages of the martyrs is the Passion of St. Perpetua and St. Felicitas, written by St. Perpetua herself. Soon after she became a Christian by baptism, St. Perpetua was cast into prison. Her aged father, who was still a pagan, came to visit her there, and tried first by tender appeals then by threats to make her renounce her religion.

But Perpetua remained firm. "Look," she said to her father, showing him a dish that was in the room, "Can that dish there change its name?"

"Why, no," he had to reply.

"Neither can I," said Perpetua. "call myself anything but what I am, that is, a Christian."

The *London Tablet* tells of some Italian nuns of a nursing order who opened a hospital in England, and, breaking out in newly acquired English, printed this on the cover of their prospectus: "We harbour all kinds of diseases, and have no respect for religion."

Pointed Paragraphs

The Rich and the Poor

Strange that we call the souls in Purgatory "poor." We of the earth "earthly," use the word "poor" of those who are without ample financial means or lacking in necessary material things. A soul in Purgatory is no longer concerned about anything material. The body has been laid aside and with it all anxiety about food or drink, clothing or shelter, money or possessions.

The word is applied in a true sense, however, because the souls in Purgatory are without means of relieving their own suffering. They are like a man who has lost his hands and his feet on earth, who therefore cannot support himself and is dependent on others for everything. The "poor souls" can do nothing for themselves; if they died with the equivalent of a hundred years of suffering yet due for their sins, then a hundred years they must endure unless someone else makes some of the atonement in their stead.

Hence it may be said that if the souls in Purgatory are rightly called "poor," then we who are yet on earth should rightly be called the "rich" souls. We have an abundance of everything that is needed by souls who are poor. We have hours on end for prayer; we have opportunities for sacrifice every day; we have Masses to be offered, indulgences to be gained, sacraments to be received. Too many of us are misers in our riches; we clutch everything to our own hearts and forget that out of our abundance we might be transferring many souls from the poverty of Purgatory to the riches of heaven.

The sighing winds of autumn, the silent dropping of dead leaves from dying trees, the yellowing grass and drooping flowers, and above all, the liturgical reminders provided by the Church, will all point our thoughts to the poverty-stricken souls in Purgatory during November. Like Lords and Ladies Bountiful we shall walk through their tarrying place dispensing largess to the right and to the left; and they in turn, when entitled to the riches of heaven, will drop many and many a jewel to those who relieved them.

Immorality and War

Perhaps the most tragic concomitant of the war is the growth of immorality among young people. This is becoming so marked in some cities where there are large concentrations of soldiers that curfew laws are being enacted to keep young girls off the streets after a certain hour at night. This fact is proof enough that the situation is alarmingly bad.

What is it that makes teen-age girls sacrifice the last vestiges of self-respect when uniforms are commonplace is not easy to understand. At its worst it might be an indication of how little the virtue of chastity means to a large section of the youth of the land, whether there be a war on or not. The war merely creates opportunities for indulgence that were not present in peace time. It is sad to think that this is so; that thousands of American girls were just looking for these opportunities; that they would be morally corrupt even though they never had a chance to display it publicly.

Whatever the cause, the situation lays a heavy responsibility on Catholic parents and on Catholic girls. It is the task of Catholic parents to see to it that opportunities for sin are not laid in the path of their growing girls these days; rather to see that opportunities are removed even by drastic measures. Now, if ever, Catholic girls should be inspired to the ideal of chastity, and more than that, instructed as to what it means and the dangers that can assail it. Now if ever, Catholic parents should see to it that their young daughters receive a thoroughly Catholic education, wherein purity founded upon true religion will be made eternally worthwhile.

But Catholic girls themselves may be given a straightforward challenge. In all history, when the rest of the world went morally astray, genuine Catholics remained the bulwark of defense for the laws of God. Every Catholic girl and young woman should feel that responsibility today. If all others feel that the displacements of war are an excuse for the abandonment of the standards of morality, the truly Catholic girl will stand out like a shining light for that fidelity to God without which, in either victory or defeat, the nation is doomed.

Charity of the Spirit

It is significant that at a time like the present, when the nations of the world are at each other's throats, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul should continue calmly about its magnificent work of spiritual and corporal charity. We are glad to see also that the government recognizes the importance of this work, for we are told that when it was thought best to discontinue the conventions of the society for the duration of the war, the Federal authorities hinted strongly that such assemblings should rather be strongly emphasized, for the purpose of helping to maintain public morale.

The Society therefore held its annual convention according to schedule at the end of September. This year's meeting, besides the usual emphasis on whole-hearted devotion to the external works of charity, took as a keynote the necessity of turning with renewed enthusiasm to the spiritual purposes of the organization. These purposes are two, the building up of a strong Catholic consciousness in the St. Vincent de Paul men themselves, and the extension of that consciousness as far as possible in the world. For the first of these purposes, one of the chief means is the spiritual reading which Vincentians are required to make at their meetings. New ways of making this reading a vital influence were proposed and discussed. For the second purpose, a proposal was made for the institution of Charity Sunday, a day in each year when all thought of charity as a material thing will be put aside, and attention given to that higher charity which must inform the corporal works of mercy. The idea would be to impress the world with the truth that Catholic charity is something more than mere philanthropy. It goes much deeper than that, being based on the unshakable foundation of the love of God.

May the Vincentians continue to unite both spiritual and corporal charity according to the glorious tradition which comes down to them from Ozanam, their holy founder!

The Weapon of Prayer

The term "total war" has come into use only within the last few years, but it has always been true in a deeper sense that a country engaged in war must be totally dedicated to its cause if it is to be victorious. We do not mean "total" specifically in the sense of

THE LIGURIAN

the dictators, who interpret the term as signifying that every able-bodied person must engage either in fighting or in building up munitions. In their scheme there is no place for those who are weak and helpless in body or mind. We use the term as meaning that each and every person, even the weak and the helpless, can and must contribute something for each and every person has it in his power to pray.

Believing as we do in the supreme efficacy of prayer for helping our nation withstand its terrible trial with honor and with courage, we note with great satisfaction that this important phase of our "total war" is not being overlooked. In the diocese of Buffalo, for instance, Bishop Duffy has inaugurated the "Children's Prayer Crusade for the Armed Forces." Each child in the Catholic schools is urged to adopt a soldier, sailor or marine and to say special prayers every day for the one adopted. According to reports, 50,000 children in the diocese of Buffalo have enrolled in this crusade, and the idea is spreading to other dioceses of the country.

Another indication that we are becoming prayer-conscious was the unprecedented response to Monsignor Fulton Sheen's weekly appeals for the individual holy hour. In the first three weeks of his latest radio series, Monsignor Sheen received more than 32,000 letters, many of them expressing enthusiastic acceptance of his plan. In some places corporate holy hours have been begun; there is a college in New York, we are told, where 500 students spend one hour each day—from seven to eight each morning—in chapel praying for an early victory and a just peace.

These are but two out of many instances that might be given. It is good to think that we are not only remembering Pearl Harbor, but what is far more important that we are remembering God who alone has it in His power to deliver us from our distresses.

Essence of Charity

Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need. When necessity has been supplied and one's position fairly considered, it is a duty to give to the indigent out of that which is over. . . .—*Leo XIII.*

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Immodest Speech

St. Mark relates the miracle which our Saviour wrought in healing the man that was dumb by barely touching his tongue. *He touched his tongue . . . and the string of his tongue was loosed.*

From these last Abridged Sermons words we may For Every Sunday infer that the Of The Year

man was not entirely dumb, but that his tongue was not free, or that his articulation was not distinct. Hence St. Mark tells us that after the miracle *he spoke right.*

The dumb man stood in need of a miracle to loose his tongue, and to take away the impediment under which he labored. But how many there are on whom God would confer a great grace if He bound their tongues that they might cease to speak immodestly. This vice does great injury to others. It does great injury to the speakers themselves.

St. Augustine calls those who speak obscenely "the mediators of Satan," the ministers of Lucifer; because by their obscene language, the demon of impurity gets access to souls which by his own suggestions he could not enter. Of their accursed tongues St. James says: *And the tongue is a fire . . . being set on fire by hell.* He says that the tongue is a fire kindled by hell, with which they who speak obscenely burn themselves and others. The obscene tongue may

be said to be the tongue of the third person, of which Ecclesiasticus says: *The tongue of a third person hath disquieted many, and scattered them from nation to nation.* The spiritual tongue speaks of God; the worldly tongue talks of worldly affairs; but the tongue of a third person is a tongue of hell, which speaks of the impurities of the flesh: and this is the tongue that perverts many, and brings them to perdition.

The stroke of a whip, says Ecclesiasticus, *maketh a blue mark; but the stroke of a tongue breaketh the bones.* The wounds of a lash are the wounds of the flesh, but the wounds of the obscene tongue are wounds which infect the bones of those who listen to its language. St. Bernadine of Sienna relates that a virgin who led a holy life, at hearing an obscene word from a young man, fell into a bad thought, and afterwards abandoned herself to the vice of impurity to such a degree that, the saint says, if the devil had taken human flesh, he could not have committed so many sins of that kind as she committed.

The misfortune is that the mouths of hell that frequently utter immodest words, regard them as trifles, and are careless about confessing them; and when rebuked for them they answer: "I say these words in jest and without malice." In jest! Unhappy man, these words make the devil

THE SAINT FOR MOTHERS

October 16 is the feast of St. Gerard Majella. This humble Redemptorist lay-brother has been given many popular but unofficial titles. He is called "The Wonder-worker of our Day" because his miracles have been so frequent and so astonishing. He is called "The Patron of a Good Confession" because during his life he often revealed to strangers his knowledge of the fact that they had made a bad confession. He is called "The Patron of a Religious Vocation" because he had to escape the violence of his family and to overcome the repeated refusals of the Redemptorists to accept him before he could make his vows and so consecrate himself to God.

But above all, he is called "The Patron of Mothers," because in life and after his death he seemed to take special delight in using his great power before God to assist mothers in the troubles attendant on pregnancy and childbirth.

A League of St. Gerard has been formed with a twofold purpose: 1) to extend the help of St. Gerard to more and more mothers throughout Canada and the United States; and 2) to combat the forces of anti-life, which consists of all the modern pagan campaigns and propaganda in favor of birth-prevention, abortion and other crimes against marriage.

Mothers are invited to appeal to St. Gerard in their needs. All Catholics are urged to spread the League of St. Gerard that the forces of anti-life may lose their grip on modern society. A five-cent pamphlet entitled "The Mothers' Saint" with information about the League will be sent to all who write for it. Send stamps or coin.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Sheriff of Sage Valley
Sunset Serenade
Whistling in Dixie



Previously Reviewed

A-Haunting We Will Go
Apache Trail
Arizona Bound
Atlantic Convoy
Bad Man of the Hills
Bambi
Bashful Bachelor, The
Battle Cry of China
Between Us Girls
Billy the Kid in Law and Order
Billy the Kid's Smoking Guns
Birth of the Blues
Blondie for Victory
Boothill Bandits
Boss of Hangtown Mesa
Bowery Blitzkrieg
Cairo
Call of the Canyon
Counter Espionage
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The
Cyclone Kid, The
Dangerously They Live
Deep in the Heart of Texas
Desperate Journey
Devil's Trail, The
Down Texas Way
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring
Enemy Agent
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen
Escape from Hong Kong
Eternal Gift, The
Fangs of the Wild
For Me and My Gal
Friendly Enemies
Gay Caballero, The
George Washington Slept Here

Get Hep to Love
Girl from Alaska
Give Out, Sister
Glory of Faith, The
Golgotha
Half a Sinner
Here We Go Again
Hidden Gold
Hillbilly Blitzkrieg
Holiday Inn
Home in Wyomin'
In Old California
It Happened in Flatbush
Jackass Mail
Joan Ozark
Legion of the Lawless
Let's Get Tough
Life Begins for Andy Hardy
Life Begins in College
Little Flower of Jesus
Little Joe the Wrangler
Little Tokyo, U. S. A.
Lone Rider Rides On, The
Lone Wolf in Scotland Yard
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe, The
Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me
Mad Men of Europe
Magnificent Dope, The
Marry the Boss's Daughter
Men of Texas
Mikado, The
Military Academy
Miss Annie Rooney
Monastery
Mrs. Miniver
My Favorite Spy
Navy Blue and Gold
Overland to Deadwood
Pacific Blackout
Pacific Rendezvous
Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Phantom Plainsmen
Pied Piper, The
Pierre of the Plains
Postman Didn't Ring, The
Prairie Gunsmoke
Pride of the Blue Grass
Pride of the Yankees, The
Priorities on Parade
Private Buckeroo
Private Snuffy Smith
Queen of Destiny
Reap the Wild Wind
Riders of the Northland
Riding Through Nevada
Romance on the Range
Sabotage Squad
Scatterbrain
Seven Sweethearts
Small Town Deb
Sombbrero Kid, The
Sons of the Pioneers
So's Your Aunt Emma
Stage Coach Buckaroo
Stardust on the Sage
Story of the Vatican, The
Strictly in the Groove
Submarine Raider
Sued for Libel
Ten Gentlemen from West Point
Texas Trouble Shooters
They Raid by Night
Timber
Tombstone
Tonto Basin Outlaws
Top Sergeant
Top Sergeant
Top Sergeant Mulligan
Trail of the Silver Spurs
Tumbleweed Trail
U-Boat 29
Undercover Man
United We Stand
Wake Island
War Against Mrs. Hadley, The
What's Cookin'
Wings for the Eagle
Yank at Eton, A
Yankee Doodle Dandy
Yukon Patrol

